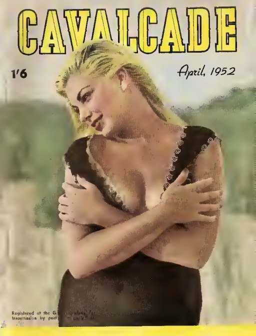


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Cavalcade

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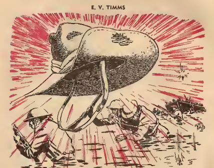
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E. V. TIMMS



Mere moralising will not halt an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest.

APRIL! The month in which Australia, in 1915, reached full nationhood, when her manhood stood proudly in the company of the earth's great.

War is never of the Australian's seeking, but too often in the brief span of his existence as an Australian, he has walked the bloody path of death and suffering so that his people shall preserve their liberties and their way of life. For however we may differ among ourselves as to the merits of those liberties, or the worth of our way of life—we still (and always shall) prefer them to a ruthless subjection, and the destruction of our race and blood

April 25th, 1915.

In the early hours of that cool, still morning a great armada of battleships and troop-transports glided darkly over a silent, glassy sea The Australians and their blood-brothers, the New Zealanders, were moving towards a shadowed coast brushed by the faint light of a thin, crescent moon. Miles to the south the English and the French were also stealthily approaching the landings assigned to them

So quiet was that sea, so quiet was the dimly-seen land to the east. But that serenity, broken only by the soft throbbing of ships' engines and the wash sweeping the hulls, was the prelude to a hell which was to forge the glory that is Anzac.

Anzac? It stood simply, on that dark and fateful morning, for the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps But since that day it has turned the eyes of the whole world to the lands of the Southern Cross. It gave to the peoples of Australia and New Zealand a surge of national pride never before known; it set in later years a standard worthily and faithfully upheld by the men who fought in World War II for the preservation of the same liberties and the same way of life.

The man who glorifies war is a fool Yet it is paradoxical that in wartime men (and women also) reach supreme heights of self-sacrifice, of valor, and of mateship This is true of every nation. The tragedy of humanity is that war—with all its waste, its sacrifices, its exalted moments of high valor, its blood and death and suffering—is a primeval and senseless way of settling the differences between nations.

But there it is! Mere moralizing will not halt an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest and the triumphs of that conquest Nothing (even in this atomic age) but armed men will break the rush of armed men; nothing but our armed men will, in any foreseeable time, stand between us and extinction if others are eager to destroy us.

And so, on that April morning long ago, because of this truth, the men of Anzac came soundlessly in their ships to meet the Powers that would destroy them. So quickly is the wheel of history spinning in our time that the enemies of that day are likely to be our allies of tomorrow. Another World War has been fought and now the ever-spinning wheel of destiny will undoubtedly weave strange patterns in the fabric of national alignments and rivalries

Men at the great Council tables of the nations are still too conscious of the armed might supporting them, always superimposed on the soft utterances of diplomats can be heard the threatening rasp of steel; and hanging now like a greater sword of Damocles over the heads of the nations' leaders and their peoples is—the atom-bomb

That it will never be used again is the fervent prayer of all sane men, but, it has been used . . . and there are still men who, in the ultimate moments of bitter enmity, are not sane

But the atom-bomb was far away on that far yesterday when the Anzac met the brave and stubborn Turk; the most brilliant and inventive scientific minds had not then tarnished their fine achievements by forging a military weapon that would bring slaughter and holocaust to whole cities in one obliterating moment of horror That unforgivable contribution to mankind's terror and unhappiness was yet to come

War—total warfare—was just beginning in 1915, and the monstrous conception came out of Germany—modern Germany—who decided to tread the pagan paths of the barbarous Huns and Goths in the belief that the sufferings of infants and old people would bring paralysing horror and so hasten victory.

It seems there are minds to-day who believe the atom-bomb (because it is a modern scientific marvel) is not as

MAN-Bites-Dog Department Mr Demetrio Gomez, of San Antonio, Texas (U S), civilian employee at Kelly air base, was placidly returning home when a rattlesnake bit him on the leg, immediately began to writhe in eerie convulsions, feebly fled for 15 feet, and collapsed stone dead Explained Demetrio nonchalantly "I handle a lot of sodium cyanide, a deadly poison, at the plant, I've gradually built up an immunity to it, the rattlesnake hadn't"

barbarous as a row of sharpened wooden stakes driven through naked bellies Actually, we should apologise to the Alarics, the Attilas, and the Genghis Khans of old, for among the moderns of to-day are far more ruthless and implacable men.

It was to meet and defeat the ruthless and implacable men of the Central Powers that the Anzacs, that April morning, moved so quietly towards Gallipoli The men of Anzac were attacking there to defend their homelands; for, should they fail, then their enemies would rend the lands they loved

They were young men—though with veterans among them—and they were tough and newly-trained Their frames were lean, the hot sands of Egypt had stripped the fat off them They were determined men, but their fighting qualities were unknown as the ships moved in to the shore And on those crowded ships no man could say whether he would be alive or dead at the end of the day.

Rank upon rank they stood, silent every one a volunteer, waiting for the hour Their thoughts? Who can tell at such a time? Undoubtedly in those moments before the ordeal some of their thoughts went back to sunlit lands, to wide plains and rivers where the red-gums threw dappled shadows, to gleaming beaches and foaming breakers, to farm and station and crowded city street Yet what would that day bring to them?

That we now know The Landing on Gallipoli was made in country such that once ashore they were committed The enemy was before them, the sea at their backs It was the same for the English and French attacking in the south There could be no retreat

That far yesterday! Somewhere in the dark hills a warning light shone; the Turk was alarmed; but the 3rd Brigade of the Australian First Division leapt from the landing boats and cleared the way with bullet and bayonet.

Strings of boats, filled with khaki-clad Anzacs, being towed to a little beach under rising hills; great transports spewing men out of their decks into more boats, men, heavily weighted down with arms and ammunition, descending a hundred rope ladders to the decks of destroyers, iron barges being lowered and filled with stores, warships opening up with thundering guns on the ridges and plateaux and on the fort of Gaba Tepe a mile or so to the south; the hills now showing the puff and burst of Turkish shells as rifle-fire and the rattle of machine-guns rose in a roar of sound

The morning sun brightened on the shore of Gallipoli . . rugged, broken, with scrubby, twisting gullies and valleys running under abrupt hills and sheer cliffs The scent of sage was heavy on the air, soon to be mingled with the stench of cordite and blood

And with the rising sun the rage of battle mounted Units became lost in the tangled country; battalions became mixed, but in they went The toll of the wounded and dead steadily mounted. Deep and rolling now was the thunder from the warships' guns The Turkish fort of Gaba Tepe, south of Anzac Cove, was smothered under bursting shells from the cruiser "Bacchante," but every now and then a mocking Turkish gun would send its defiant shell screaming towards the landing beaches and the ships close by.

Imagine it . . . if you can A bright, sunny Sunday, a calm blue sea Just off the coast the rusty transports, still discharging men and stores

When afternoon came, many had died Many hundreds were dead; hundreds more wounded High valor had taken them to meet their hour. Low and thick above the central ridges burst the Turkish shrapnel, their machine-guns cut the bushes above the crews of the Vickers Those Turkish guns seemed to hose the ridges and gullies with lead; but it was night, not the deadly Turkish fire, that gave the Anzacs pause A black night flashing with red fire across the miles of the broken hills And men were still coming ashore Night heard savage firing and fighting, trenches were dug, ammunition was replenished; weary men gulped water if they had any, walking wounded made their way as best they could from first-aid posts down to the beach, probing patrols crept forward to discover and harass, preparation was made to meet the inevitable counter-attack, men asked "Where are we?" and "Where's the rest of our mob?" but in the day-long battle practically all units were mixed-up

But the Anzacs had won their footing The Landing had cost them dearly, but they were ashore Down south the English and the French also had landed—the English from the beached **"River Clyde"** in one of the greatest feats of heroism in the long story of British arms.

So the long campaign began

But the Anzacs had made history Their achievements in the following months—and later in France and in Palestine—are now also history.

On that day, that Sunday, that 25th April, 1915, the bayonets of the men from "Down Under" won for them a place with the immortals, a reputation mounting on later fields of battle, as being the finest shock troops in the world.

On that far yesterday they brought Australia and New Zealand to full nationhood Their sons, in World War II, have kept proudly high the standard their fathers had raised And what of their sons' sons? Well, what of them? The breed is the same!

That far yesterday! It is April again



J. W. HEMING



A helpless woman lay on the bed, bound, watching the husband she loved light her funeral pyre

Limping Lothario

FREDERICK SMALL was small by name and by nature His luck was comparatively small too He planned the perfect crime, he faked the unbeatable alibi, both were beaten.

Fred was short and slim—a little man (in more ways than one) He walked with a decided limp, he had small, mean ways and was held in small esteem The only thing big about him was his ego—that was enormous

Fred, however, must have had his good points when he chose to exert them . . . or some women are more foolish than one would expect . . . for he married three times

His first wife died in child-birth, what happened to the child the records do not reveal It may have also died (which would be a happy release).

His second wife was a greater success—financially, at least Having got very tired of Fred (which might be a reasonable expectation, if all they said about him was true) she found herself another man—or Small said she did At any rate, Fred threatened his wife's alleged lover with an alienation of affections suit. The man was wealthy and in a high position Rather than face the scandal he settled out of court.

Fred took the money, divorced his second wife, and looked around for a third He had him a get-rich-quick plan . . . and fast!

He found a young and pretty girl—he was in his forties in that second decade of this century—and he married her.

Small had the money he had got from his second wife's supposed lover, he planned to get more—much more He spent some of the money he had in buying a cheap weatherboard two-storied (with cellar) cottage near Lake Ossipee, New Hampshire, U.S. Lake Ossipee was a tourist resort—shootin' fishin', huntin' and that sort of thing

It suited Fred. The first thing he did was to take out a full insurance on the house against fire

He spent some more money, this time on electrical gadgets He set up a laboratory in the cellar The cellar often contained a deep pool of water which had seeped in, but all the houses on the lake shore suffered from the same trouble Fred picked out a dry section for his bench and began to tinker

Fred's next move was to try to take out a twenty thousand dollars insurance on his wife's life (unknown to her) The company bucked The policy was a little too big for an unseen risk Fred had to nut out another lurk

He compromised with a second policy (with his wife's consent) He took out a joint coverage for twenty thousand dollars This was on both the life of himself and his wife If he died first, she got the money, if she died first, he collected

He now went on with his tinkering until Autumn sent away the tourists to warmer climates Most of the cottages closed, but the Smalls were permanent residents.

He made a closer friend of Ed Connor, the local insurance agent and a solid citizen He suggested to Ed that they take a trip to Boston Ed was not so sure

"I know a lot of people in Boston," said Small "I could put you in the way of a lot of business—and we could make a pleasure trip of it, as well"

Connor decided he might as well make the trip There was no business left at home He fixed a date in October He also incidentally fixed the date of Mrs Small's death!

Now really Fred went to work. He began to pack his bag He put in the things he valued most—papers relative to the divorce of his second wife (from which he might have hoped to do a little blackmail later on), his insurance policies, an itemised inventory of the contents of the house in case the insurance company might get lousy . . and a loaded revolver Also some wire and overnight clothes.

The liveryman in the nearby village of Mountainview was named Kennett Whenever Fred wanted to go to the train he always called Kennett to his house with a horse and buggy And as they drove away Fred would always call back farewells to his wife.

Fred told Kennett to call on the date fixed for the trip He and Ed Connor would leave on the four o'clock train Kennett had always got a whisky when he called for Small and he looked forward to the job

That morning the grocer from Mountainview, one Sceggel, visited at the Small house on his usual rounds He found both Mr and Mrs Small happy and cheerful, Mrs. Small gave him an order

As soon as the grocer had gone, Fred got into quick action There would be no more callers before Kennett and he had much to do He took his wife upstairs into the bedroom He may have knocked her out or pretended he was playing a game However he managed it, he carefully and securely trussed her up with the thin experimental electrical wire he had been using. He made a good job of it, too

A SHORT SOB ON THE SNARES OF DRAWING A MONTHLY SALARY

Time, they say, is relative,
but still I find it funny
that I should have so much
month left
at the end of my money.

JAY-PAY

The helpless woman must have laid there on the bed and watched him prepare electrical apparatus which was to set fire to the house in several hours time! How he did it was never explained, for the gadgets were burnt.

Fred then used kerosene lavishly on the inside of all the walls. This was to be the perfect crime, with all the evidence burnt. When everything was done he returned to the bedroom revolver in his hand.

It would be impossible to fully imagine the horror of his wife when she realised that he meant to kill her. He had kept her alive until the last possible moment. Now he placed the gun to her temple and blew out her brains!

He put the re-loaded revolver in his bag. The place must burn to a cinder, his wife must burn to a cinder—well, not quite, to a cinder, for there would have to be a body for the insurance company. Should he remove the wire bonds? Not necessary. It was copper and it would melt off the flesh of the corpse. This would be a fine blaze.

He pulled the bed into the centre of the room. That placed it right under a beam. His apparatus would soon make sure the beam was burnt through. The beam would fall and smash the skull of the corpse. And all this would happen in several hours time—better make it seven hours—ten o'clock that night—when he would be over a hundred miles away.

When Kennett arrived he was not invited into the house for a whisky. He decided Small must have run out of rye. Fred came out and called loving farewells back to his wife as usual. Kennett didn't hear her answering (dead women seldom do), but he took no notice of that at the time.

He took Fred into the village, where they picked up Ed Connor. Connor and Small went to Boston.

They registered at Young's Hotel. When they were settled in, Ed grinned at Fred.

"Let's forget business for awhile," said Fred. "Let's paint the town. But first, let's go to the Parker House and send some postcards to the folks I promised my wife I would."

Ed was an agreeable sort of customer, he went along. Fred sent one postcard to his wife, on which he placed the date, the place and even the exact time.

Connor and he then cracked a bottle and took in a show—some silent movies at the Majestic Theatre. At ten o'clock Fred smiled to himself. The house would be going up in flames now, while he sat over a hundred miles away with the perfect alibi in the shape of solid citizen Ed Connor.

So far he was right, too. At ten o'clock some campers saw flames issuing from the Small cottage. They rushed to save the house. But there wasn't a chance. In a very short time the place was burned to the ground!

Meanwhile, Ed and Fred returned to Young's Hotel. Just as they got in at midnight, there came word to Fred that his house had been burned and his wife was dead! He went into a swoon.

Half an hour later he was well enough to get into the specially chartered car which was to run them back to Mountainview. And he seemed to lose his sorrow.

"Tell me, Ed," he said, "what do I do first to get the insurance on my wife?"

Connor had been greatly upset by the whole affair and he did not try to answer.

The two men hurried out to the charred ruins at Lake Ossipee. Fred once more a tragic widower. There were several persons among the ruins.

Fred met the police, mopping his eyes.

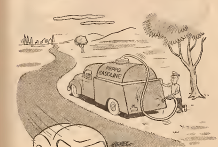
"My poor wife!" he said. "Have you found her body?"

"Yes, we have!" was the reply. "And we charge you with her murder. Hand over that bag!"

"You're mad!" said Fred.

"It didn't work, Small," said the detective. "The contraption you fixed to fire the house at ten o'clock worked all right, but the fire first burnt away the floor of the bedroom, and the bed fell through, with the body. The same thing happened on the lower floor, with the result that the body fell into the water in the cellar. It was charred a little, that was all! She was tied up with fine wire like this in your bag; she was also shot in the head, ballistics experts will prove whether this was the gun that did it. We have the bullet, which was still in the skull. Your alibi was a waste of time, Small."

A year later the hangman in the State Prison at Concord dropped Fred Small into a cellar, but there was a rope round his neck which prevented him reaching the bottom.



new hope for BALDNESS

ROBERT SMITH-FIELDING

Baldness has been a problem for doctors for centuries, but new hopes to-day are looming for the shiny scalp regiments.

"YOUR hair roots may still be alive, even if you are totally bald or are losing your hair!"

This statement is made by Carl Brandenfels, "hair-farmer" of St. Helens, Oregon, and he backs up his words with documented cases.

Men and women have worried about baldness for centuries, and their concern is both natural and obvious. Almost everyone agrees that a full, luxuriant growth of hair makes anyone more attractive than a bald and shiny "billiard ball." Loss of hair usually makes a person look older, too, and this more aged appearance can have considerable effect on getting or keeping jobs, wives and many other vital aspects of everyday living.

In years past, baldness has been thought to be a sign of diminishing virility, but hair expert Carl Brandenfels states that no scientific evidence has ever been uncovered to prove this theory.

Baldness has been a problem for perhaps thousands of years, but there is surprisingly little medical knowledge about it. Doctors are frank to admit that in many cases they do not know what makes hair fall out, or what makes it start growing again. There never has been the intensive medical research into this subject as for the great scourges of mankind. Probably this is due to the fact that while millions of people are cursed with balding heads, few, if any, victims have actually died from this ailment.

Most people have classed falling hair along with the weather something they could talk about but not do anything to improve. However, Carl Brandenfels refused to be discouraged.

The story of Carl Brandenfels begins back in the 1920's with a bet Carl's father wanted to make with him. Brandenfels senior wanted to wager that his son Carl would be totally bald before he reached 35. It was a bad bet for Carl because back through the years almost every male member of the Brandenfels family had displayed shiny pates even younger than this. Carl's father, the former Count Frederick von Brandenfels, was an avid student of genealogy, and his records on their family tree revealed shiny heads back to the days of Martin Luther.

When Carl declined to accept the bet, his father advised him to get married as soon as possible because his chances would be better while he still had hair. Carl took his advice and married another Nebraska native, Pauline Freedlun, while they were both attending the University of Nebraska.

Carl prided himself on the "mop" of hair he had as a young man, and his father's warning bothered him. He even made a crude headpiece to look like a totally bald head just to see how bad that would be. One look in his mirror gave him the shock of his life and started him on the path which resulted fifteen years later, in the development of his now world-famous formulas and massages.

Carl Brandenfels has never been one to accept unsatisfactory answers just because they were the best at hand. He began to learn all that he could about the causes of baldness while he was still in college, and he spent two extra years studying subjects he thought might be helpful in his search.

Fifteen years passed since Carl heard his father's dire tidings. Carl was thirty-six. He and Pauline were growing potatoes and filberts on their ranch near St. Helens, Oregon. And Carl's father had been absolutely right —Carl was very rapidly growing bald!

By this time Carl had made several observations which he thought held clues to the causes of baldness. For one thing, Carl had watched medical students at the University of Nebraska cutting cadavers. Every one of the cadavers with a full head of hair had a lot of fatty tissue underneath it. The baldheaded ones all had their skin drawn tightly over their bony craniums. Carl decided that if he could cause fat to grow underneath the scalp, he might cause hair to grow as well.

In his constant reading Carl Brandenfels learned that sulfa mixtures had helped to thicken the furs on rabbits. Carl continued to study and to experiment—and to try out his experiments on his own balding head.

Late in 1945 Carl worked out a treatment which he felt was the right answer. Without saying much about it, he applied his discovery on himself. About this time the Brandenfels went away for several weeks on a trip. On their return—to Carl's tremendous elation—his friends began to comment on his increased hair!

Carl Brandenfels did not accept this

RETORT COURTEOUS· June Havoc is hurt. It appears that at present one of her pet peeves is that people just listen when you talk to them. And the reason? Well, it all began when she went to a party soon after she had made her debut in "Affairs of State." Naturally, June was not what you might call one of the first arrivals. But she had an answer to all the questions. When her hostess opened the door, June gabbled hysterically "I'm sorry to be so late. But it took longer than I intended to murder my uncle and aunt and hide the bodies!" The hostess didn't even turn a hair or so much as blink an eyelash. (One aspect of the case which June appears to have overlooked, however, is that her hostess may have mislaid her hearing aid.)

(From "Photoplay"—the world's most famous motion picture magazine.)

as conclusive proof, however. He asked for twenty volunteers to try out his new treatment. This request appeared in the St. Helens Sentinel-Mist on January 22, 1946. Overnight it was reprinted in metropolitan newspapers all over the country. Carl was flooded with volunteers and inquirers. One smooth-topped citizen offered one hundred dollars for a treatment; others offered amounts raging from postage costs to two hundred and fifty dollars. Carl turned down all the offers of money, but he furnished his solutions without charge to a group of twenty-two local volunteers.

The progress of Carl's "guinea pigs" was reported throughout 1946 by press, radio and newsreel. The St. Helens potato grower was promptly nicknamed the "hair farmer."

Not all of the "guinea pigs" grew hair. A number of them did, however, and many St. Helens businessmen were pointing with pride to wisps of newly-growing hair on spots that had been shiny bald just a short while before.

In April, 1946, Carl Brandenfels decided that actual results warranted offering his formulas and massage to the general public. Before long thousands of men and women all over the country were applying his formulas and using the Brandenfels pressure massage. Carl has no way of knowing exactly how many of these people have grown hair, but he can display thousands of testimonial letters from satisfied users. In fact, an independent firm of certified public accountants inspects and documents these letters, and they have so far certified more than 10,000 letters of praise for the Brandenfels' home course!

These "success stories" continue to arrive with every mail. They come from every state and from 3,500 cities and towns within the United States.

The Brandenfels' home course consists of three interrelated steps. Formula "A" contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide, and it is Brandenfels' belief that this formula has what is described as a bacteriostatic action on the scalp. That is, the formulas kill the foodstuffs on which harmful bacteria feed, and these bacteria then are starved to death.

Formula "B" contains lanolin and other ingredients. This formula is designed as a softening agent and to help the vital ingredients of Formula "A" penetrate into the skin. In addition, Formula "B" acts as a dressing and conditioner for the scalp and hair.

The Brandenfels' Pressure Massage is something quite different from commonly known exercises. In the first place, it is not done on the top of the head but from the base of the neck up to what Carl calls the "hat band line." The massage temporarily increases the blood supply to the scalp area, helps the two formulas penetrate into the scalp and aids in the revitalization of the scalp.

"I wish everyone could sit at my desk and read these heart-warming letters," says Brandenfels. "To me, these expressions of thanks are the thrill of my whole life."

During the past few years, Carl has continued his research, including a series of medical tests on his formulas and massage. In one of these tests, a group of twenty-seven men and women used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Each of these people was given a medical examination at the beginning of the test, and a small slice of skin was taken from the bald area of his head.

These people were examined again at intervals of about four weeks, and photographs were taken at each of these times. At the conclusion of the tests, another small slice of scalp was taken from the same spot as the first and extensive microscopic studies were made to determine the change in cellular structure.

The doctors who conducted these experiments testified that of the 27 people 11 of them displayed "marked or unusual" change in the amount of hair they had, and that five more showed "a slight amount of new hair growth."

In addition to developing his formulas and massage, Carl Brandenfels has evolved a set of simple rules for the care of your scalp and hair.

KEEP YOUR HAIR CLEAN—and be sure that you clean your scalp properly.

KEEP COMBS AND BRUSHES CLEAN, TOO.

DON'T BRUSH YOUR HAIR any more than absolutely necessary to keep it groomed into place.

DO NOT IRRITATE YOUR SCALP with irritating vibrators, fingernails or harsh combs.

DO NOT WEAR A TIGHT-FITTING HAT.

Carl Brandenfels has published these rules with his reasons and explanations for them in a booklet. He will be glad to send his "Rules for Care of Your Scalp and Hair" to anyone who is interested in them and will write to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.



Most nations have their legendary Superman; why is it Australia hasn't one? So here's a suggestion . .

CEDRIC R. MENTIPLAY



PAUL BUNYAN of the whalers

LEGENDS are slow-growing around these parts. We've had our share of frontiersmen, of pioneers hunting the far horizon. They built us and we've forgotten them.

Not so the Canadians. From the wealth of their history, no richer than ours, giant figures emerge. You've heard about their Paul Bunyan, the king of the lumberjacks? The legend had it he was two hundred feet tall, combed his hair with a full-grown fir-tree, and made Canada's myriad lakes with his giant footprints. He is credited with building the huge Canadian timber industry, with winning the country from the wilderness.

Why haven't we, in Australia, and New Zealand, found a Paul Bunyan? The answer is, because we haven't looked. Bunyan is fantasy, but somewhere, at some time or other, there must have been a real Paul Bunyan. Maybe he was a giant, a builder, a battler—and, cutting out the French-Scottish exaggeration which is a part of the Canadian legend, maybe he was seven feet tall.

We can match him at those measurements. I give you Captain John Guard.

Jacky Guard was a big man, too—a truculent black-bearded pirate of a man with a taste for strong baccy and stronger liquor.

Bunyan founded an industry—and so did Guard. He enters history around 1819, sailing his little 66-ton brig "Waterloo" out of Sydney to rove around the little-known coastline of New Zealand.

His chance came early in 1827; as usual with Jacky Guard it was disguised as disaster. He was working the Waterloo through Cook Strait, the turbulent body of water separating the two main islands of New Zealand, when he was caught in a marine trap.

The little brig was caught close in on a lee shore.

At last Jacky Guard was forced to a grim decision. He was going ashore anyway, but there were two ways he could do it—either broadside on and helpless, or head on and under full control until the last moment. There was only one course he could take. He put the helm hard over and squared the yards.

The "Waterloo" picked up speed for her final run. The cliffs closed about her.

But, somehow, almost miraculously, a narrow channel opened ahead. Guard laid his bowsprit on the gap and a mighty wave gathered up the craft.

Then the grip of the wave slackened. The brig was gliding easily in deep water which had scarcely a ripple on its surface. Jacky Guard had found the perfect harbour (which is now known as Tory Channel).

But the full importance of his discover did not strike him until the following day, when he climbed to the summit of the protecting ridge and looked out across the strait. Here and there, blowing and wallowing on the surface, he could see whales!

The land-mass of New Zealand was roughly eight hundred miles long, and pierced by only one gateway—Cook Strait. Any whale wishing to pass from the Tasman to the Pacific or vice versa must swim right around this mass or pass through the strait. As a whale was an animal, and so must breathe, it could not pass Tory Channel unobserved. This was the perfect site for a new industry—shore whaling!

He headed for Sydney, where he engaged hands and bought suitable gear. In May, 1827, the whaling station which came to be known as Port Underwood, was launched.

But in Sydney Guard was becoming a mystery. Many shrewd operators tried to find the whereabouts of Jacky Guard's secret cache, but his own hands were picked men, paid to keep their mouths shut.

For sixteen months the secret held good. Then, in September, 1828, Captain William Worth followed a hunch or some hard-won information into Cook Strait. As he conned his ship "Elizabeth and Mary" along the southern shore, he sighted a couple of whalers rowing hard for what seemed a solid cliff-face. He followed them in, found himself in a fair channel with a favourable tide—and then stumbled upon Jacky Guard's secret.

The fabulous race was on. Within a few months, Port Underwood was the greatest whaling port in history.

But it attracted the scum of the earth. Jacky Guard and others of his breed were careful whom they recruited, but there were many who were not so scrupulous.

A man of action was Captain Guard. He headed for Sydney in 1829. There he married a pretty fifteen-year-old lass named Betty Parker. She was the first white woman to live in the South Island of New Zealand; their son John was the first white child to be born there. Soon a daughter, Louisa, was added to the Guard family.

HI, Isaak Waltons! What's this? Seems that these days even big fish aren't to be given so much as a sporting chance At least, three German scientists appear to have hit the jack-pot They're using an electric fishing gadget . . . the fish bite at an electric hook, are knocked out, and hauled to the surface Previously, salt water absorbed the current before it could penetrate the fish The scientists' method is secret . . . except that an electric wire is attached to the hook which transmits electric impulses.

By that time there were other women in Port Underwood—Maori and half-caste wenches (who had free passage in many of the whaling ships as a reward for their services), escaped convict lasses, even Chinese and Malay women from the far northern islands There were wild nights of carousal

So five years passed Then, in 1834, Jacky Guard, with his wife and children, set out again for Sydney in his barque "Harriet" He was a worried man at the time Port Underwood was frankly out of hand

The "Harriet" was driven far north by a gale, which trapped her on another lee shore, this time that of the Taranaki Bight

In the spindrift of a howling southerly storm the "Harriet" beached high and dry on the hostile coast of Taranaki Passengers and crew struggled ashore, but found no sanctuary there They were immediately attacked from all sides by bands of Maoris

Jacky Guard was forced back by a press of naked bodies. A fresh hapu of warriors broke through the ring of steel, cutting and slashing with deadly effect. A tomahawk swung and Betty went down Warriors snatched the two children

The survivors fought on until there was no hope left. Only then did Jacky Guard and his twelve remaining men decided to parley His offer was blunt For the lives of his crew and his children he was prepared to pay a cask of gunpowder.

The Maoris preferred not to haggle, to them this was a king's ransom They allowed him to take one of the "Harriet's" boats, six of his own men, and three Maoris, and head south again for Port Underwood It was almost two months after the wreck that he set sail, but in that time he had learned that Betty was alive and well Her wound had healed, and she had been saved from death by the wife of a chief Now she was to be hostage

The boat made the run down to Port Underwood in seven days, arriving there on June 27, 1834 Seventeen days later Jacky Guard was on his way again, with the three Maoris and the powder-cask This time, however, he was a passenger in the ship "Joseph Weller"

A gale, however, blew her far out into the Tasman The skipper gave the attempt away

It was a fuming desperate man who landed in Sydney Cove a fortnight later Jacky Guard, with his Maoris and his cask of powder, made the rounds of every ship in port. Finally he went before Governor Bourke himself

Here again his rough eloquence produced a surprising result

He went back to the Taranaki coast with the Maoris and the cask, but with him went H M S "Alligator," the schooner "Isabella," and a combined force of soldiers and sailors

Four and a half months after the wreck of the "Harriet" he set foot again in the hostile village His Betty and his daughter awaited him

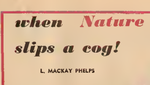
And then trouble broke once more. The boy was in the hands of another chief, who demanded similar ransom It was a shrewd Maori trick, Guard knew, but he was a hard man With the combined force he went to the other village The chief met him, impudently displaying the boy. For once the big black-bearded skipper was powerless The Maoris had him covered One false move, and he and the boy would die. That was certain

But his own men had no such scruples. One man shot the chief. Another snatched the boy and ran with him even as the Maori had done before. The crash of a redcoat volley signallised the opening of the first battle between British troops and Maoris It was a massacre.

Five years later, the Maori warriors had accepted the protection of the British Queen

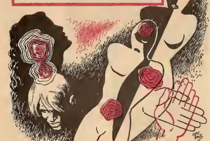
And Jacky Guard himself? He went back to Tory Channel





when Nature slips a cog!

L. MACKAY PHELPS



The human body is perhaps the world's most intricate machine; but occasionally it's apt to become berserk

NOT so long ago, in Tasmania, two babies were born joined together over the entire top of their heads.

The father of these little girls expressed a very natural wish when he said: "I hope doctors will operate and try to separate them; I would thank God if only one survived."

Unfortunately, it was not to be. It was decided that any operation would kill both and therefore none was performed.

Which is not an isolated case. Only a little earlier, in England, babies were born joined at the top of the skull (though they died within a few days) . . . and many other instances can be quoted.

In fact, the story of such abnormalities stretches back over centuries.

Perhaps the most amazing bicephalic (two-headed) human on record was Edward Mordake, an Englishman who lived to the age of 23 and then committed suicide.

His true name was not Mordake, and it is said that he was of noble blood heir, in fact, to a peerage—but that he refused any contact with his family, even refusing to accept visits from them. He was wealthy, and had excellent medical attention, provided by Drs William Treadwell and R. Manvers.

Edward is described as having been a man of good figure, with a handsome face and keen intelligence. But on the back of his head was another face—that of a beautiful girl who was "lovely as a dream, hideous as a devil"—in Mordake's own words.

This was the face of Mordake's own twin sister! Due to some slip-up in the process of fertilization—caused perhaps by disease in one or both of the parents, drugs or poisons in the maternal bloodstream, an injury to the mother during early pregnancy, or chromosome unbalance—the twins did not develop separately, but grew actually joined together. All that developed of the sister was a face and the rudimentary brain, the face being on the outside of the rear of Mordake's skull, and the brain actually inside his skull, so that the two brains were literally in contact with each other.

The female face was reduced in size, something like the face of a grotesque doll. It occupied "only a small part of the posterior part of the skull, yet exhibited every sign of intelligence, of a malignant kind, however."

Though Mordake's sister had little intelligence, she was intelligent enough to realise that she was a monstrosity, an appendage mind attached to her otherwise normal brothar. Quite understandably, her sole emotion was hate, and her principal motivation a desire to torture her brother.

Thus the weird female face sneered and smiled maliciously when Mordake was attempting to carry on a conversation or broke down in pitiful sobbing. The tiny eyes watched and followed the movements of persons as they passed behind Mordake. The miniature's perfectly formed lips "gibbered without ceasing" under such circumstances.

Since the twin had no lungs, it was incapable of producing audible sound. Nevertheless, due to the close proximity of the two brains, there was some form of mental telepathy between the wretched man and his equally wretched, bodiless sister. She talked to him constantly by direct thought-transference, often arousing him from sleep by her projected, venemous thoughts.

For years, the tortured man kept a diary, in which he recorded the strange association with his skull-imprisoned sister. He wrote of her as his "evil twin which never sleeps, but talks to me forever of such things as they only speak in hell. No imagination can conceive the dreadful temptations it sets before me. For some unforgiven wickedness of my forefathers I am knit to this field—for a field it surely is."

To his physician, Mordake wrote, "I beg and beseech you to crush it out of human semblance, even if I die for it."

This was impossible, for to destroy the brain of the twin would have been to destroy Mordake's own life as well. His physicians, fearing a suicide attempt, kept a careful watch over the tortured man. But in spite of all

STATE OF THE NATION (X)

Summer is gone . . . and the Wind from the West
will soon be massaging each asthmatic chest
sneezes and snuffs and rheumy red eyes
will welcome the frosts with dyspeptic surmise,
dark cupboards will open distraught moths will slink
from warm nests in woollies, whole households will shrink
as they breathe, wafting down on the crisp autumn air,
the bracing aroma of camphor And . . . poppets! . . . beware!
soon all your pert dimples will turn to goose-pimples,
while mothers dose offspring with nauseous simples
to cure their incurable codes-din-th'-'ead,
Oh, month unpredictable, is Summer dead? L-L-U-V-E, come to bed!

—JAY-PAY

their precautions, he managed to obtain a quantity of arsenic, and killed both himself and the sister-face who had ridden for 23 years on the back of his skull

These bicephalic cases in which two heads are actually fused into one are very rare. Fortunately, most of them are born dead A curious fact is that some (like the two in Tasmania)—in which two separate heads are joined by fusion of the cranial bones—are born with relative frequency

In Totfield, Canada, a woman gave birth to twin daughters who were joined face-to-face, the jointure extending from the chest to the lower abdomen Twins similarly joined were recently born in Port of Spain, Trinidad In another instance, face-to-face twin girls were born in Staten Island, New Jersey They died before an operation for their separation could be performed.

Perhaps the strangest of all sexual oddities is the change of sex of one individual from male to female or vice versa This happens with some frequency in almost all species.

One of the most famous instances occurred at the turn of the present century Eve Lavalliere, wife of the manager of the Paris Varieties, bore a daughter Jeanne, who turned into a male and changed her name to Jean before she reached the age of 18 Inheriting her wealthy father's estate upon his death, Jeanne-Jean cared for her widowed mother throughout the remainder of her life

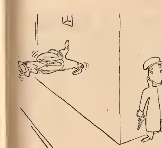
It may be that Jeanne-Jean actually changed completely from one sex to the other, with certain organs developing, while others atrophied and shrank, but it is also possible that she-he was a true hermaphrodite—one of those very rare individuals who have the reproductive organs of both sexes If so, she could have been changed to either sex she preferred—presumably the one that was more pronounced—by a delicate series of operations involving surgery, plastic surgery, and hormone treatments

Such an operation—as mentioned in a previous article—was performed in New York City only recently Its purpose was to remove female characteristics, thus "changing" a girl-boy into a boy It consisted of removal of the internal female organs by an operation known as hysterectomy, freedom of the male organs to develop and expand, and plastic surgery to remove external indications of feminity The operations themselves required two weeks Then followed a period of several months, during which the individual, identified only as Joan-John, developed masculine characteristics because of the greatly increased flow of male hormones and the stoppage of female hormones secretion due to removal of the female glands

The operation to transform a female-male into a girl is similar, only that it is reversed

Incidentally, the New York Joan-John above mentioned subsequently married a charming young woman and is enjoying a perfectly normal and happy married life.

The above merely scratches the surface of a tremendous subject It should be sufficient to give the reader a feeling of awe in the presence of the basic mystery of life itself, and it should tend to dissuade him from ever feeling ridicule—or anything other than the deepest sympathy—when confronted by one of these distorted fellow-creatures





Sampson's Delilah was a fumbling bobby-soxer compared with Russia's own exotic Tarnowska

WALKER HENRY

DELILAH . . .

. . plus several Sampsons

IF the ancient Philistines had had at their disposal Countess Marie Tarnowska instead of the delusive Delilah, they would probably have succeeded in eliminating the entire Tribes of Israel . . . not just one single, solitary Sampson.

The daughter of a Russian count with the somewhat surprising name of O'Rourke, Marie was still in her teens when she began to inflame her male acquaintances.

Especially ardent were no less than a Prince, a Baron and a Count Tarnowska.

"You can pick between the Prince and the Baron," advised old Count Tarnowska . . with the wisdom of age

"Oh, I'd simply l-u-u-v-e to be a Princess," drooled Marie girlishly . . . and promptly eloped with the Count.

Count Tarnowska rapidly set out to prove himself everything which could not possibly be included in any Maiden's Prayer. Before long he was drinking, gambling, loitering with light ladies, and consistently leaving Marie alone at nights (except for those brief periods necessary to provide her with two children).

Any lesser woman would have sat down and sulked. But not Marie. She took swift stock of her social circle (masculine) and allowed her eyes to linger on her husband's brother, young Peter Tarnowska.

As a potential cuckolder of errant husbands, Peter must (to a casual observer) have seemed far back in the Also-Ran Department. According to a contemporary, he was "a quiet, studious youth with a timid reverence for womankind."

Yet in less time than it takes to learn What - Every - Young - Man - Should - Know, Peter was escorting Marie to the gaudier clip-joints in her hometown of Kiev.

Naturally, it had to happen. On one of her more festive nights-out, Marie met her husband. Count Tarnowska recognised his wife, recognised his brother, was smitten by wild spasms of jealousy, and tottered homewards . . . a patently reformed Head of the House.

Which was clearly Marie's cue to grasp opportunity (and her husband) in a hammer-lock and settle down to a long and happy life as a Domestic Tyrant.

It was a pleasing prospect, but unfortunately beyond Marie's power to enjoy. Apparently she had not only acquired Peter, she had also accumulated officers-of-the-Guards, doctors, civil servants and mere civilians.

Under the circumstances, it is not astonishing that Count Tarnowska's jealousy gradually developed into a mania. The climax came one morning at breakfast. The Count was handed a telegram. He ceased eating, opened the missive; read it; and emitted a screech.

"Look at this! Look at this!" he gibbered, hurling the paper to Marie.

Marie looked at it. "Peter hanged himself this morning," it reported.

"What a foolish boy!" commented Marie, mildly reproving, and again devoted herself to her breakfast.

Count Tarnowska stamped, raging out of the house. After an interval, Marie placidly followed him. Next day, Count Tarnowska—his rage subsided—sidled back into the house. Once more Marie followed him . . . still placid and accompanied by a certain Alexis Bozevsky.

With the entrance of M. Bozevsky, even Maestro Errol Flynn may take a final bow. M. Bozevsky was (we quote) "one of those men who look and act like a hero in melodrama . . he was tall, with a superb figure, an irresistible moustache and a bonhomie which hypnotised men and women alike."

For some obscure reason, however, he failed to hypnotise Count Tarnowska. That worthy subjected his wife's latest charmer to a swift scrutiny and, producing a revolver, remarked darkly: "We'll settle the matter here and now."

M. Bozevsky . . . with admirable presence of mind . . . fled.

Less than a week later, Count Tarnowska marched into Kiev Police Station and announced: "I found Alexis Bozevsky with my wife at the Grand Hotel. I shot him dead."

Luckily for Alexis, the Count was only half right. He had certainly shot his rival, but M. Bozevsky was by no means dead.

Without more ado, Marie deserted home, husband and children and rushed to him. She stayed there for days.

In her spare moment (presumably when she had talked her patient unconscious) she also engaged in conversation with a Dr. Stahl, "a pale and weak-looking man, obviously the victim of drugs." Result? Despite (or perhaps because of) Marie's persistent nursing, M. Bozevsky suffered a sudden relapse and expired. The Kiev gendarmerie consulted the stud-book of Count Tarnowska's aristocratic relations and briskly released him

Brace your biceps, you he-men Latest theory of U S obstetricians is that the more he-man Daddy is the more likely he will father boy babies And vice versa Theory The ration of boy babies to girl babies is controlled by the genes working through the endorcine gland system, especially the sex hormones Thus husbands suffering from gland diseases (such as gout and Graves' disease) have more than the average number of female offspring

without a stain on his character. Marie herself dashed off into the country to FORGET . . . dragging Dr. Stahl along with her to assist As a cure, Dr Stahl prescribed a dual regimen of drugs and a little light debauchery

This cheery interlude might have continued indefinitely if Marie had not been shocked to discover that she was short of cash But Marie was nothing if not a girl who knew all the answers

The answer to this particular question seemed to be M'sieu Donat Prilukoff a Moscow lawyer, who was "an old friend" and "tremendously wealthy"

Marie easily contrived a "chance" meeting with the lawyer

It must have been an attractive spectacle To M Prilukoff, Marie was "Mad Mariette", he was lovingly known to her by the affectionate nick-name of "The Scorpion" Dr Stahl faded delicately out of the picture . . . to be recalled only momentarily when Marie once inquired casually about the health of her ex-medical adviser

"Oh, he shot himself through the head, I believe," replied M. Prilukoff.

The happy couple wandered through Europe (scattering currency like so much confetti) until they reached Venice Here, however, M. Prilukoff was summoned urgently back to Russia . . . "on important business" (so he said) At a loose end, Marie was delighted to be introduced to Count Paul Kamarowsky, a widowed Colonel who was—(yes)—"very wealthy."

The Colonel was blissfully bankrupting himself by paying Marie's debts when M Prilukoff came panting back to disclose what his "important business" had been M Prilukoff confessed that he had not only lost every rouble he owned, he had also stolen £40,000 from his clients

The tactical position was—as military authorities say—"dynamic" M Prilukoff had proposed marriage to Marie and had been accepted, so had the Colonel. And Count Tarnowska had recently complicated matters by divorcing her thus leaving her helpless between M Prilukoff, Count Kamarovsky and the altar For a moppet of Marie's calibre, there was only one solution. She got herself still another lover . . . twenty-years-old Nicholas Naumoff

Nicholas fulfilled all expectations by also proposing marriage—and being accepted

The puppets being assembled, Marie had merely to pull strings The subsequent performance was spectacular Marie (firm in the faith that she would thereby infuriate him into some act of homicidal madness) began by informing M Prilukoff that the Colonel was pestering her for an early marriage M Prilukoff reacted . . . but not quite as Marie might have predicted He was not maddened (not recklessly anyway) As he had decided that he would personally cut the Colonel's throat rather than let him wed Marie,

he was sure that no marriage ceremony would be performed Yet he also noted that the Colonel might be turned into a solid defence between him and penury. He presented Marie with a counter-plan

It was quite simple, he pointed out Marie had merely to persuade the Colonel to insure himself for £25,000 and then permit him to dine with her, at the dinner a note would be handed to her, she would read it, blush prettily (Marie seems to have the art of turning blushes on and off like an electric light), and stammer that "a well-known Russian prince" had offered to settle his fortune on her if she would wed him The Colonel (M. Prilukoff hinted) would assuredly react suitably.

And it proved just as M Prilukoff had suggested Marie had the Colonel insure himself, dined with him, read the note, blushed, admitted ALL . . . and next day found herself the legal heiress of the Colonel's whole estate

M Prilukoff rubbed his hands approvingly and really got down to business

With her customary ability, Marie came up with the answer

What they wanted, she disclosed was an Assassin But what Assassin? Well, what about young Nicholas Naumoff? Why, none better! And would Marie contact him? She certainly would

With truly feminine sensitivity, Marie selected her bedroom for the interview There she frenzied the young Nicholas by collapsing on his chest "A man was threatening her," she sobbed bitterly. Nicholas almost broke a blood-vessel "Show me the scoundrel, and I'll take him apart," he promised Marie showed him

He burst, unannounced, into the Colonel's bed-room. "Come in," requested the Colonel unnecessarily, lifting his head from the pillows

Young Nicholas retorted by drawing a revolver and shooting his impromptu host several times in the stomach "Why did you do that?" asked the Colonel . . . with some justification And then he outfictioned all fiction by aiding his assailant to escape

It was a magnificenty quixotic gesture, but it was also completely futile The ever-careful Marie had sought to draw suspicion from herself by writing a small note to the police, incriminating Nicholas When Nicholas leaped from the Colonels' apartment, the gendarmes were waiting Presented with the note Nicholas was impelled to incriminate Marie Marie evened the score by incriminating the indignant M. Prilukoff And—a few weeks later—the Colonel clinched everything by dropping dead

On May 10, 1910, a Venetian jury found the Colonel's three play-mates "guilty" . . . with a rider to the effect that Marie and Nicholas "were victims of partial mental decay"



THE END OF Arguments

Which is The "Newest Moon?"

Hesitate, hesitate, you amateur astronomers! Don't be premature. Actually, the "newest moon" is Nereid, a faint satellite of the planet Neptune. The "new moon" was picked up two years ago with the 82-inch reflecting telescope of McDonald University, Texas (U.S.). Nereid has been photographed on nineteen nights. Findings reveal that it takes almost a year to travel around Neptune, that its path is shaped like a fat cigar, three times as long as it is wide, with Neptune near one end.

Does Lightning Strike Twice in The Same Place?

The answer is "Yes." Lightning almost always strikes twice in the same place, and sometimes as many as forty times, claim Westinghouse (U.S.) engineers, who have studied lightning for 35 years. To the human eye, however, most repetitive strokes look like single flashes because they are spaced only thousands of tenths of a second apart. But sometimes the separate strokes actually can be seen. The first discharge sets up a "lightning channel" between cloud and earth, then comes a brilliant flash from earth back to the cloud (the "return streamer"). Once the original channel is set up, and number of charge centres in the clouds may send their bolts down to earth.

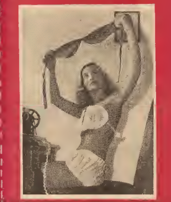
How do You Smell a Rose (or Any thing Else)?

Now don't rush. This is a subtle one. Actually, nobody knows for sure. According to Yale (U.S.) University scientists, however, whatever you sniff gives off a gas that absorbs heat of certain wave-lengths given off within the nose. The nose detects this loss of heat and signals it to the brain, which interprets it as a sensation of odour. Earlier theories held that odour is a chemical sense, caused by aromatic particles hitting the nose and going into solution on its moist inner lining.

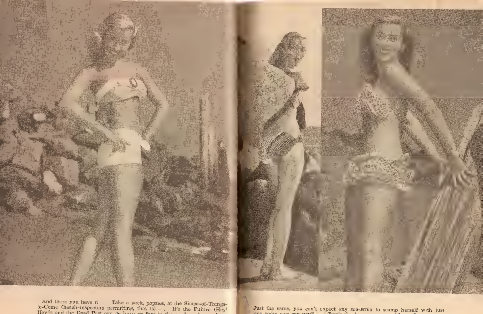
Do Cats Favour Grog?

Quiet, quiet you feline fanciers, the matter has not yet been decided. Reports have always been current of fallen denizens of the cat world who are supposed to delight in burying their whiskers in a foamy saucer of beer or who are not content unless their saucer of milk has been spiked with a dollop of gin; but how many of these anecdotes are true is unprovable. Tests recently undertaken in the United States, however, suggest that these tippling tabbies are neurotics. Experiments reveal that normal cats ordinarily will not touch anything spiked with alcohol. Neurotic cats on the other hand, show a marked preference for alcoholic drinks.

it's all STITCHED UP



[illegible] oth [illegible] d[illegible] ... ulty [illegible] n[illegible] prov [illegible] effec [illegible] this B [illegible], making [illegible] surfing season is p[illegible] e's obvious[illegible] ar's modes. (And we don't [illegible] remarking that our [illegible]



And there you have it . . . Take a peek, popsies, at the Shape-of-Things-to-Come (beach-inspectors permitting, that is) . . . It's the Future (Hey! Hey!); and the Dead Past can go bury its face in the sand so far as we're concerned . . . Still, if she finds the autumn winds beginning to bite a trifle wolfishly, she can always come under our plaidie, the bonny wee lass!

Just the same, you can't expect any sea-siren to scamp herself with just one swim-suit can you? . . . Two's the bare minimum (okay, okay; no pun intended) . . . and here you have a glimpse of a second production from that magical sewing-machine. But give her time to change first . . . Eyes left, you clots! . . . No! No! Right left . . . right off the page! Wait . . . Wait . . . And Eyes Right! . . . And Right again . . . Now wasn't it worth it

COPRA COMMANDO

A white warrior from Denmark was more than a match for the shark-toothed brown Vikings of the Southern Seas



CLEM LACK

AMONG the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago, off the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, are the seventeen islands of the Hermit Group, 70 miles south of the Equator. Over the past half century they have at various times been visited by roving scientists. But in the days when Bully Hayes and other Pacific adventurers and blackbirders roamed the Pacific, the Hermits were always given a wide berth, for these islands were the home of ferocious warriors.

Like the untamed warriors of the Torres Strait islands, they were a race of sea raiders, head-hunters and pirates.

Still, the Hermit Islands were wealthy in copra and the expanse of waters lapping their shores was rich with pearlshell.

In the eighties, the big European trading firm of Hernsheum and Co. at Rabaul was especially anxious to obtain a footing on the Hermits, but when one of Hernsheim's agents and his ship's crew were massacred by the Hermit savages in 1883, the Hermits were left in comparative isolation for a few more years. Then, in 1889, Hernsheims sent a well armed party to the islands. They, however, were greeted by a horde of warriors. The party quickly sheered off.

Hernsheims at last decided to enlist the aid of one of the daredevil adventurers who sailed the South Seas.

The man they selected was Paul Ortoft, a Danish South Sea trader. Ortoft (or Leonard, as he was better known in the Solomons, New Ireland and other regions of the Pacific) was six feet five in height.

Ortoft recruited for his raid one of the most remarkable "commandos" ever assembled on any enterprise, lawful or unlawful. The members of his band were half-tamed savages from the Solomons—Malekula and Malaita—massive warriors with scarred faces . . . men expert in death.

Late one night, a small schooner drifted in towards the largest island of the Hermits. On muffled oars and greased tholepins, the ship's boats crept silently to the sandy beach and unloaded their cargoes of warriors.

Ortoft was the only white man among that band of seventy savages, but he knew how to handle them. At a muttered word, they fell into single file behind him as he padded through the tall grass and coconut palms towards the fire of the village on the crest of the hill. In a clump of palms a stone's throw from the village, Ortoft stood while his men crouched behind him clutching their war clubs.

The vicious whine of a flying club whizzed over his head. Dark figures leaped at him and his men from the shadows. They made no outcry but came on silently as ghosts.

Ortoft leaped forward, momentarily disconcerting the assailants.

The Dane laid about him with berserk fury, swinging his rifle like a club. He broke the stock over the second skull he cracked. On all sides his men were fighting for their lives, and a series of deadly duels raged.

Throwing away the smashed pieces of his Winchester, Ortoft seized the barrel. With shortened grip, he slashed at a tall figure. A glancing blow from a club numbed his left arm, but he still chopped swiftly with all the strength of his right arm at his opponent's head. The man's neck snapped like a carrot.

At long last the surviving Hermit Islanders fled into the scrub. Ortoft's left arm was broken, he was bruised and gashed in a score of places, more than a third of his men had been killed, another third had suffered wounds of varying seriousness.

When the sun rose, Ortoft's men routed the islanders out of the scrub. Those who refused to submit were knocked on the head. All organised resistance broken, Ortoft held a palaver with the village elders.

He established his trading post and went back to Rabaul to report his mission accomplished. Then he returned to take over management of the station, keeping his black retainers as a sort of Pretorian guard to ensure that the new regime achieved permanency.

He settled down, taking unto himself three native wives. In 1908 he was officially recognised by the German authorities as the chief of the tribe. He was still ruling his island kingdom when Australian expeditionary forces invaded German New Guinea during the First World War. It is believed he died about twenty years ago.

Crime Capsules

A REAL EARFUL . .

Twenty-five-year-old Joseph Walsh . . New York gentleman of his wits and all points thereabouts . . had the bloodhounds-of-the-Law baying madly . . until they gave ear to him. Seemingly it was Joseph's sprightly habit to learn a prospective victim's shopping habits and bank, then he would make out to himself a cheque on his unsuspecting prey, which he would persuade some too-trusting merchant to cash. Business prospered amazingly and Joseph accumulated a variegated selection of charges ranging from forgery and parole violation to general mayhem. Gendarmes were groaning morosely when Joseph happened to trip down 35th Street . . keeping his ear open for business. Detective Schreck took one passing glance and briskly arrested him. Asked to explain the reason for his initiative, Gendarme Schreck explained: "He had too much ear . . they stuck out too far and they were too big . . moreover, they were in-tilted at their tops . . our records said that."

COOL, CALM AND . .

New York passers-by recently lingered to observe two young men methodically loading cases, each packed with 50 cartons of cigarettes, into a car outside the Eclipse Candy Company. Unhurriedly, the gentlemen finished their job and drove off with twelve cases loaded with 500 to 600 cartons and 5000 to 6000 packs. The crowd drifted on. What none of them knew was that the two labourers had previously threatened to shoot the company manager, Nathan Gordon, and had left him tied up inside.

ON THE BALL

Baseball is generally believed to have a happy and sympathetic home in Brooklyn (U.S.A.). This theory, however, was recently blasted by George Nolan and Paul Weston of the local gendarmerie. According to court records, the patrolmen had paused to view the antics of one Thomas Yacenda, who . . in the centre of a group of onlookers . . was massaging a baseball and then tossing it up at a second-storey window. There, the pitcher's brother, Arthur Yacenda, would protrude a fisherman's net and snare the spheroid. Like a pair of enraged umpires, the gendarmes closed in on Thomas, who fled upstairs to his brother's apartment. In the subsequent hurly-burly, Thomas was sent to hospital and Arthur to a cell. Later in evidence, Gendarmes Nolan and Weston swore that Thomas had been stuffing money and betting slips into the ball for delivery to his illegal bookmaker brother. "Ha," commented Magistrate Masterson. "Now who says Brooklyn cops play ball with gamblers?" No one did.

Opposite: Study by BARRY LOUDEN



There was magic, romance and murder in the African moon.



Jeba Story

RICHARD CASSELL • FICTION

I NOTICED HER THERE AT THE TABLE, TOSSING A WORD TO A NOISESOME OLD CRONE WHO DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE ME.

IT didn't look much. Just a half mile of sandy street with a row of dust-laden trees down the centre. I cruised slowly, looking for a hotel. There was a building on the right, two-storey, with a balcony around the top floor. I swung across the road and pulled up.

The footpath in front of the building was paved. On it were three round tables and an odd assortment of cane chairs, all of them full. Glasses of watery-looking beer were on the tables. I spoke to the nearest man, a fat hunk in a stained grey shirt and grey-white trousers.

"Morning. Is this a hotel?"

He shook his head vacantly and waved me through a double doorway. I went in slowly—because after the bright Mozambique sunlight I couldn't see much of the dim interior.

There was a car over by one wall, behind it was a slim young gent with a patch of black fuzz under his nose. He jabbered something,

"I'm looking for a hotel," I told him.

The smile went out like a dying candle.

"Hotel? Hotel?"

Hell, what's Portugese for hotel? I pointed to myself and said "English."

He could understand that. He shot from behind the bar and motioned me to follow him. He stopped at a tiny office. Behind a cluttered desk sat a little fat man with a soup-stained tie. He listened to the barman mutter.

"You are English?"

I nodded. "I'm looking for a hotel."

"This is a hotel. Upstairs. You want

When a he-man from the jungle moans he finds the city tame,
Don't let his biceps bluff you, don't subside in silent shame
As he boasts how all and sundry fall to his unerring aim
Let him brag about his conquests; you can lodge a counter-claim
That the jungle of the city, underneath, is just the same . . .
All the men there too, are hunters
AND the women always game

JAY-PAY

to stay in our side-water?"

"Yes. Two days"

He sat down again and waved his hand at the only other chair. When I was in it, he confided: "We don't get many English people here in Jeba. They all stay in Lourenco Marques and play at the Casino"

In other words, what was I doing in the place?

I told him that if the little freighter "Jeba"—which ran between Durban and Lourenco Marques—had retained her health, I wouldn't have come near the village

I'd seen the ship as I came up the street. She was tied to a tilted wooden jetty, the soupy Limpopo under her

He absorbed my explanation carefully.

Then he said "There is one thing. I am going away tonight and will be away five days So I will not see you again before you leave."

I took out my wallet

"Ah, yes," he said, "and also there is no other European in the village who can speak English So when you want anything you will bava to call for Elias ELIAS!"

An answering shout and a screen door banged Elias padded in, bare black feet slapping on the cement floor .

"Elias speaks enough English"

He turned to the boy: "Elias, this boss is English. **Nao compreender Portugese.**"

"Yes, baas"

"You must look after him well."

When I got to my room Elias was there, opening the window

"Elias"

"Baas?"

"What's Portugese for beer?"

"Beer? Au! The bass must ask for **cereveja!**"

"Good Bring me some **cereveja.**"

* * *

I noticed her as soon as she entered the dining room. She was tall, rather dark Almost too dark But she had all the bumps and hollows in the right places. and she walked the way I like them to walk—head up, chest out, confident

Her companion at table was a noisesome old crone who now and then tossed in an odd word as though she were spitting sour plumstones It seemed as though she didn't like me

After dinner, there was a long report to write I worked at it until about ten, when there was a knock on my door I opened it; Tall and Slender was there She walked in and Elias filled the doorway

She looked at me and spoke to Elias "The missus wants to know if the baas wants anything," he said

I looked at her and said to Elias "Tell the missus that I have everything but, if I had some more beer I'd offer her a drink."

She answered, he disappeared She sat on the bed, moving aside some of my papers to make room Then Elias was back again, with a load of frosted bottles. He put them on the table and stood in the doorway

"Baas, this missus . . "

She shut him up quick He backed out I poured two beers and handed her one. I picked up my beer

"Luck," I said

"Saudacio!"

After that, we pointed to a few things and swapped nouns, but my heart wasn't in it.

Then there was another knock on the door She pushed me back, opened the door a little way and spoke through the gap

I could hear a man's voice from outside—pleading, arguing threatening Then suddenly a male hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her outside

When I got to the door he was trying to drag her down the corridor and the look she gave me would have encouraged a mouse to spit at a lion I knocked his hand away He turned and swung at me with his other hand It held a sjambok, three feet of snaking hippo-hide that whistled at me as it passed.

I scrubbed Queensberry rules and gave him my knee and then a good right hand When I stepped towards him, he scrambled to his feet and stumbled off down the passage, his dirty sandshoes squeaking on the polished floor

She was sitting on the bed in my room, her blouse pulled to one side. All was quiet except the steady hum of the generator which supplied light That cut out about eleven o'clock

* * *

When I awoke it was almost light, she was standing at the foot of the bed She came and kissed me—lightly—before she went to the door I was almost asleep again by the time it had closed behind her swaying back.

So, for a moment, I was not sure that the scream was real It awakened me enough to hear a thump against my door and something slide down it As I opened the door she came with it Her blouse was slashed and a dark stream flowed from the rent

Then I noticed the man standing over her. The manager In his hand was a long kitchen knife with a smudged blade. He dropped the knife and rubbed his face with both hands

He moved past me, into my room stepping carefully over the figure on the floor "All right English! I'll tell," he said.

"My wife has been with another man All the village knew who he was, but no-one would tell me And she laughed about it Today I began to worry All the way while I was driving the worrying was there And I got very angry So I came back to beat her and find out who he was

"When I got to my room she was not there I went to the room of my mother, who sits with my wife at the dining table My mother told me that my wife had been asking about you"

Daylight! In my room and in my head! I could now fit in the crone and my visitor And I could guess what Elias had been going to tell when she shut him up

"So I have been waiting outside your door Senor Four hours And I got her"

He looked at his hands and they seemed to embarrass him

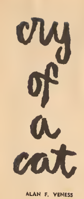
"I do not blame you, Senor. She was pretty . . . and you could not know she was married"

He was silent a moment then . . .

"When do you leave?"

"Today," I said

"Good Go now You can be across the border at Ressano Garcia by eleven You can do no good by staying here You might spoil my story"



ALAN F. VENESS

•

FICTION

On the fifth night, he saw the cat; an ugly black creature, it came padding across the lawns

SHE WAS A CRANK AND A PERSISTENT ONE, HE THOUGHT; BUT WAS THAT ALL SHE WAS?





MY friend, Jim Purdie, is by no means an emotional man So when, on successive evenings, he exploded into venomous outbursts of temper—directed (for no reason that I could see)—at his inoffensive son, I was to say the least, surprised

And when he ended up in a father of all "drunks," I was startled

On the second night, I eventually got him near-sober.

"You wouldn't believe me, David," was all he would say at first . . and he spent the longest minutes of my life gazing into the fire. How long this would have gone on, I have no idea, but suddenly there was the petulant "meow" of a roving cat Purdie leapt from his chair at the sound, stood, trembling, staring at the half-closed window

"What on earth's the matter, man?" I asked "Snap out of it! That was only a cat Surely you don't expect it to jump through the window and eat you?"

He sat down again, limply His face was grey, his eyes sunken, the pupils dilated I made a momentary impression of an aged man desperately ill When he spoke however, he appeared to have won a battle within himself

"Have you any brandy, David?" he asked "I need a drop—badly"

I brought him a fairly stiff measure which he gulped Presently he was calmer and spoke in a steadier voice,

"David," he said "I don't expect you to doubt me when I say I was not drunk when what I'm going to tell you about happened I wasn't To-night is the first time I've been drunk for goodness knows how long I wish I had been 'tanked' all last week Then I could shrug the whole thing aside and forget it.

"I hope to Heaven you can give me an explanation of it that will leave nothing to doubt But I don't think

America's current "Gadget Princess" is three-year-old Dawnelle Davis who lives (literally) surrounded with thousands of gadgets. She sleeps in a gadget-bed, she eats from a gadget-table. Her toys include: A musical light switch, a rockerless rocking horse, a bow-and-arrow gun, and a long-handled, two-wheeled cart which she pushes vigorously through her gadget-filled house. And how has she accumulated all these exotic playmates? Simple. Poppa and Momma Davis run the "Gadget-of-the-Month" Club. Manufacturers send them new products, the proud parents try them out on Dawnelle, if she responds ecstatically, it's a cinch

you can ... His voice faded away.

He was right. I can still find no explanation that is at all satisfactory. No more, I believe, will you ...

* * *

When the train had dragged itself, like a caterpillar, section by section from the platform and gathered speed, Purdie settled back in his seat, making a glancing inspection of his travelling companion. She was a tall, spinsterly woman who had, he surmised, negatively existed for some forty or fifty years.

He murmured "Good-morning" and gave his attention to his newspaper. It was a matter of oddly uneasy minutes before he felt her gaze leave him. But he heard her muttering to herself as she watched the shifting scenes of the passing suburbs ...

Purdie was a thorough man when it came to reading newspapers. Every sentence was perused and considered, every expression of opinion in the editorial was given careful attention and accepted or rejected before he passed on to the next ...

He was cogitating on the implications of atomic bombing when his fellow-passenger burst through his quiet mood with an abrupt question.

"Young man," she leaned slightly forward, jaw set and pointed at him, "are you prepared for the Hereafter?"

"Huh?" Purdie sat up sharply, staring blankly at her.

The woman sniffed her contempt. "The thought shocks you!" she accused ... Her voice was sibilantly soft—which added to Purdie's surprise, for he had imagined it would be harsh, aciduous. Yet it was not a pleasant softness (as he remarked reflectively afterwards), he found himself thinking that a spider-web is also soft when one walks into it in darkness.

"Young man," she darted the words at him, "you are not prepared for death."

Purdie gulped, suddenly convinced that he was in the inescapable company of a lunatic. Moreover, being a rather sedate thirty-four and the father of two children, he was inclined to resent the term "young man."

"Madam," he said, stiffly. "I am as prepared for death as any man of my age. No more, no less. What's more, I find death a distasteful topic of conversation."

He returned his attention to the newspaper—but she was not so easily dismissed.

"Distasteful, indeed!" she accused. "You are a moral coward!"

"Eh?" Purdie registered indignation. "Madam, will you please—"

"A moral coward," she swept on. "Have you examined your soul? Have you rejected the evil that has corroded it? Can you face the Inquisition of the Spirits?"

Purdie stared at her wide-eyed. "What the devil," he demanded at last, "are you talking about?"

"Ha!" she shrilled. "You are not aware of the Inquisition of the Spirits! You do not know that the Souls will visit you to test your fitness for a High Place in the Other World! You do not know that the disembodied voices will question you. You cannot lie to them, you know. You can't deceive them. They read your soul. You cannot cheat them. They cannot be thrown aside like a newspaper because you do not wish to consider the tidings they bring."

Purdie felt an unpleasant prickling along his spine.

"They will come to you without warning," she told him, hands clenched tightly in her lap. "They will create in you a feeling of such loneliness that you will lay your soul bare to them in desperation. You will be judged then—condemned or accepted. Are you afraid of the alternatives, young man?"

The tension seemed to break suddenly. Purdie laughed. The woman's eyes blazed, but she had, in the space of a moment, become a ridiculous figure. Purdie continued to laugh.

"Not a bit," he answered her. "I need something a little more factual than your inquisite spirits to frighten me."

"So!" she sneered. "You scorn the Spirit World?"

"Of course. There is death, obviously. There is the grave or reincarnation—I'm not sure which—and Heaven. Nothing else."

She closed her lips tightly. Time passed, uncomfortably. Silence seemed to overcome the clattering of the wheels ... silence which disturbed Purdie's renewed concentration on his newspaper and lasted until a noisy, grinding halt at a station.

The woman gathered up her suitcase, her brown-paper parcel, her ugly, utilitarian handbag and rose to her feet. She turned towards him as she opened the door.

"Young man," he said, with strange chillness, "one day soon you are going to learn about the Spirits!"

Before Purdie could reply, she had jerked the door shut and disappeared along the platform.

He shrugged the matter from his mind as he carefully folded his newspaper, but a shiver of doubt pricked him.

* * *

It was four days later that Purdie received the letter.

It was brief, terse and formed by writing of a firm, forward-sloping character. Despite the touch of masculinity it held, Purdie knew that its author was a woman ... perhaps the woman of the train.

"Sir," declared the letter, "They may come as infinite Good or as infinite Evil. Your soul will be searched, the good and evil it contains will be weighed.

"I feel your time is at hand. I will use my powers to hasten it. Examine yourself, young man. Prepare yourself. The Examiners of the Spirit World will appear perhaps in human guise, or animal—or as something that is neither.

"Prepare yourself ..."

There was no signature ... Purdie managed to laugh as he put the letter in the pocket of his suitcase.

"She may be a crank," he mused, "but she's certainly a persistent one."

* * *

Purdie drifted off to sleep. It was a quiet and peaceful night. Stars speckled the patch of blue-black sky visible through the half-open window, moonlight softened the gloom of his bedroom. Nothing stirred . . .

He moved slightly, breathing a little heavier at a noise as of train wheels. Vague, distorted images fused, a picture emanated . . . Across the swaying compartment the Woman flung at him her challenge of unreadiness for death.

"All alone with a mob of spooks." He spoke aloud. The words met the sounding-board of the sky and returned. He echoed them. "All alone with a mob of spooks . . ."

Then the whole of eternity was centred in a pair of metal-grey eyes, all sound was a soft, insidious voice and chilling words. "You are going to learn about the spirits. You will be very sorry . . . You are going to learn about the spirits . . . "

From the well of sleep, his mind struggled to slow wakefulness. There was something unaccountable, bizarre. It was in the atmosphere.

The sound seeped into his hearing . . . it seemed part of the very air. A voice, insistent, frighteningly clear . . "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ." A vision of an unsolid face at the window, not placeable as human or animal, real or illusionary. Purdie jerked upright, breath held . . .

He forced unwilling legs to take him to the window. His eyes searched the room, the vicinity of the window, the garden below and finally the sky . . . Stars speckled the blue-black expanse, beneath which nothing stirred nor disturbed the quiet. A wisp of fleecy cloud filtered the cold brilliance of the moon . . . Indelible upon his mind were the incisive words "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

For three more nights, Purdie listened to the soft, maddening words shredding his nerves. Each night he dreamed the same dream, woke in the same manner, went to the window . . . and saw nothing unusual.

But on the fifth night he saw a cat.

An ugly black creature, it padded across the lawn through the moonlight. Purdie shivered as its soft meow reached his sharply-attuned ears. It, too, seemed lonely as a cloud . . .

The remainder of that night was for Purdie a turmoil of witch-faces at one moment, then the soft, insistent voice repeating that single line of verse. He was alone on a vast sea, huddled on an immobile raft; he was alone in an infinity of sky, clutching at a solitary cloud . . . and still the reasonless voice persisted. "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

Somehow Purdie struggled through the following day. He dined alone, struggled to read the newspapers in a corner of the lounge and, desperately tired, went to bed.

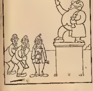
The weather had not changed. Sky, moon and stars revealed their loveliness as before, there was the same stillness. Before slumping onto the bed he took from his suitcase a loaded revolver (a hitherto detested requirement of his business as representative of a firm of financiers) which he placed under his pillow. Almost upon the instant that sleep came to him, the wheels of the train again ground across his mind and the wretched sequence of events resumed . . .

* * *

Once again the vision of the unsolid face—but now it was followed by a cackle of eldrich laughter. In panic, Purdie snatched up the pistol and rushed to the window, banging the









ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

A WARNING OF THE DEFICIENCIES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

She said her mother taught her
(of course, "for her own good")
what to do with men who didn't
"treat a lady as they should",
the idea, no doubt, was excellent,
but—unluckily—poor kid,
her mother didn't teach her
what to do with men who did

JAY-PAY

casement wide open, peering frantically about the garden

In the centre of the moon-soaked lawn was the cat, squatting in solitary state, looking at him, metal-grey eyes unblinking, magnified by the clear air. Its maddening laughter iced his veins.

Purdie aimed the pistol and twice drew upon the trigger. A throbbing screech of death-pain robbed him of his last vestige of reason.

He leaped from the window and raced across the lawn, seeing the last, convulsive tremor shake the animal's body where it writhed into the shadow of a tree. As he stooped over the body it was not a cat he seemed to see, but the body of a withered crone whose metal-grey eyes glared at him through death.

With some wild, instinctive desire to conceal the body overcoming his repulsion, he put his arms beneath it and lifted. He came upright, almost screaming in the hysteria of the fear which knotted every nerve and organ of his body as dust trickled from his rigid hands. There was no longer a body!

"Believe me, David," Purdie said, gulping another drink. "I don't know what I did for the rest of that night."

"And what," I asked, "happened next morning?"

"I came out to the breakfast room feeling as if I could never eat anything again," Purdie replied, looking at me rather searchingly. "The manager of the place came up to me and said 'Sorry you had such a bad night last night, Mr. Purdie!'"

"I exclaimed: 'How—?'

"'Oh, we were all kept awake by that confounded cat. I had it buried first thing this morning. Nasty-looking black brute it was—ugly as sin'"

We smoked for a minute or two, then Purdie .

"I caught the morning train home. I was in a sweat of fear until we'd passed several stations that the old woman would board the train and pounce on me again. I was mighty glad when a very talkative salesman entered the compartment and talked without a pause for the rest of the trip . I don't ever want to be alone again as long as I live."

"Don't blame you," I said sympathetically. "And that's why you went to pieces when your wife was visiting that sick relative?"

"Yes. She took the youngster, of course, and stayed a couple of days." He got up and went to the window.

"Must have all been bad dreams, I suppose," he said, over his shoulder. He smiled a wry smile.

"Do you know what caused my flare-up over the boy?" he asked in the end. I shook my head.

He refilled his glass, looked at me over the rim.

"Just after dinner, the evening I arrived home, the lad wanted to tell me the latest thing he had learned at school. When I listened he began reciting

"'I wandered lonely as a cloud . . .'"



"Well, I guess I'd better be going Joan; sorry to break the party up this way!"



"HOME COOKIN'"

WAFFLE IRONED BY GIBSON





STRANGER *and Stranger*



ANTI-ATOM GLASS . .

A folding glass window for atom-bomb explosions has been announced by the Pittsburg (U.S.) Plate Glass Company It is a "sandwich-glass," like an automobile wind-shield. The outside is a solid sheet of glass, the sandwich is a layer of plastic backed by inner glass. Both the plastic and the inner glass are divided into four sections, superimposed, and set in the window so that their edges form a big X. When the atomic-push shatters the front glass, the plastic and inner glass stop the flying pieces and then fold inward before they can break It is claimed that these windows have survived blast explosions stronger than the Hiroshima blast at one mile, while ordinary windows were shattered so badly that large pieces were blown 30 feet inward

BRAVE NEW WORLD

The day may well come in the future when a conscious moulding of individuals (and even of races) by means of chemistry will present "problems of fearful fascination," predicts Sir Cyril Hinshelwood Oxford professor of chemistry and foreign secretary of the British Royal Society. He claims that "as physiology advances and as the relation of chemicals on cell and tissue clarifies itself, it may be possible by deep-seated chemical intervention to change processes which today are normally unchangeable" He also points out that chemically-induced hereditary changes in human cells are already known "in a crude fashion" and that the influence of drugs on personality is already giving concern to law and medicine

LOTUS LAND . . .

When two lotus seeds sprouted and began pushing out leaves, no one was more surprised than Dr George W Harding, of Washington (U.S.) The young plants looked quite normal; but the seeds (collected by Japanese scientist Ichiro Ohga) had been picked out of a Manchurian peat deposit and are claimed to be more than 50,000 years old Dr Harding is now waiting hopefully for the plants to bloom . . . to learn just what type of orchid did flourish in that misty past

BLOOD RAIN . . .

Believe it or not, in southern France Italy and the Balkans the rain that falls is sometimes red like blood Panicked peasants can now be reassured that the phenomenon has been explained Current explanations is that storms, rushing up from the Sahara Desert in Africa, blow up red dust and carry it across the Mediterranean Sea where it comes down as "blood rain," which probably gave the Sicilians their excuse for banditry—a very favourite hobby of theirs

"The place is in a mess . . . Henry made a sudden left turn"



Lithe and Limber does it...

Now, little ones, if you want to keep that so-luverly loveliness, you must keep lithe and limber, too . . . That's the advice of Earl Carroll's eye-filling theatre-eaterie at Hollywood . . . and, believe you us, they see that their advice is put into practice. Man who keeps moppets with a kick in 'em is gym-masseur Terry Hunt, so here's some short shots of his methods. First, of course, there's the shower . . . (N.B.—The showeree is Shagal Mooney)

Then, after the shower, Terry leaps into action . . . he calls this the "Sit-Up" and, judging from general impressions, it seems to be an apt title from all angles . . . it's good for the back and waist, Terry alleges, as well as for extra subtlety after the steam bath. We'll take his word for it . . . and if he needs an understudy, he . . . er . . . well, we're in the market

It seems effective, too — why, we couldn't have done that even when we were also in rompers … Lithe! Lovely! And … oh boy! oh boy! … you're telling us! (By the way, we don't know exactly what Terry is doing in the background; but we hope he's enjoying it as much as we would be)



TIRED FEET . .

Are you having trouble with your feet? Do they feel tired at night? Well, here are two simple exercises (1) With your legs on a footstool, stretch and separate your toes as far as possible, then grab with the toes (as if trying to hold something tightly), until the feet begin to tire, (2) stand behind a chair with your hands resting on the back; place your feet with the big toes together and heels three or four inches apart, bend your knees slightly, rotating them outward without shifting the heel and toe position, (3) walk forward slowly and naturally 10 to 15 steps, just before each foot makes contact with the floor, turn the front part of the foot inward as far as possible—pigeon-toed fashion Foot-muscles so strengthened will reduce fatigue

SPRAIN . . .

If you're the energetic type, you're probably going to sprain your ankle (or something) one of these days. Here's the antidote: Soak a handkerchief or scarf in cold water and wrap it around the offending joint, keep moistening the bandage, after a few hours, strap up with an elastic sticking plaster or a wide bandage and keep the injured part at rest If you have hurt your arm or wrist support it in a sling, if your ankle or knee, rest your leg on a low stool If the swelling is abnormal, send for a doctor

ONIONS . . .

Eating lots of onions every day will make you anaemic in a week, claim four Chicago (U S) doctors in a report to the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. Under the direction of the doctors, Illinois University College of Medicine students ate over two lbs of cooked onions a day in addition to their regular food After five days, they all felt very tired, their finger-nails were pale, and blood counts showed a red cell drop of as much as a million and a half at the end of seven days The group will continue its study to find whether onions should be banned from the diets of high-altitude pilots and persons doing strenuous physical work.

BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

Surgical removal of the adrenal glands (one of which lies over each kidney) has helped overcome certain types of high blood pressure which threaten death, reports Harvard (U.S.) University medical school professor, Dr J. Hartwell Harrison The operation has been tried on 14 patients, nine of whom showed distinctly beneficial symptoms These patients are being given adrenal hormones by hypodermic injections

THE GLAMOROUS "1500"

FRANK BROWNE



It's nice to win an Olympic Medal of any sort; but some of the events carry much more prestige—and glamour, too—than any of the rest.

IN Olympic Records, no one event has any more importance than the others. A Man wins an Olympic medal . . and that's that But in actual fact, some events carry more prestige than others One of them is the 1500 metres

There was nothing very sensational about the first Olympic 1500 metres race Ernie Flack, of Australia, running for Great Britain, topped off his earlier triumph in the 800 metres, with an easy win. At Paris, four years later, the race (like everything else that happened at that Olympiad) was run in an atmosphere of complete confusion. It was run on a Sunday, and this resulted in half the finalists who were from the U S A , refusing to run It was won by Bennett, of Great Britain, in nearly half a minute faster time than had been registered by Flack at Athens.

At St Louis, in 1904, the 1500 turned into a glamor event . . end has stayed there ever since

Drama came to the race in 1912 at the Stockholm Games. In the final, out of fourteen starters, seven were Americans It was the best middle distance line-up that the U.S. had ever had John Paul Jones, the world record holder, Mel Sheppard, holder of

he title, Norman Taber, O. Hedlund, C. Madeira, W. McLure, and Abel Kiviat were the Yanks The man they e most frightened of was A. N. Jackson, of Britain They decided to as a team The idea was to let Jones and Kiviat run for the tape, with the others running three abreast behind in the last lap This would rce any challenger to run very wide, get past them One of the other alists, also from Great Britain, was J. Noel-Baker.

The gun cracked, and away they nt, with Arnold of France setting terrific pace. He led for two laps, d then Wide of Sweden took over Kiviat and Jones had him covered, and as the bell rang for the final lap, both shot past him. Behind them Taber, Jones, and the fading Sheppard put out their screen. Jackson, Britain's hope, was well back His chance of reaching the leaders looked pretty dim

Noel-Baker, with the quick thinking that was to carry him to a Battalion command on the Western Front in the War that broke out two years later, decided to do something "Come Jacko!" he called, and headed for the outside, with a headlong sprint Jackson, paced by the flying Baker, got much closer in the next two hundred yards than he ever could have done without the pacing. With a hundred yards to go, Baker dropped, exhausted By this time Jackson was going fast enough to sweep past the "screen," and go on to cut down the leaders He won running away, in time nearly seven seconds under the existing record.

The race eight years later at Antwerp saw the downfall of a man who (had the event been the medium of betting) would certainly have started at "odds-on." This was Joie Ray the Chicago taxi-driver, who was likely to smash his own record, every time they put him down In the final, Ray made a couple of errors of judgment. The best he could do finally, was eighth place

The Paris Games of 1924 saw the race invested with a new interest, Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, who had dominated the long distance events at Antwerp had put in his name for the 1500 Few people thought it possible that a man could train himself for both the stamina needed for 5,000 and 10,000 metres, and still retain enough speed to win the shorter race

It worked out that the critics just didn't know Nurmi, the flat-footed Finn, was the greatest runner that the world had seen He ran, as usual, stop watch in hand He took the lead not long after the start, and began to pile on the pace What everybody expected him to do, was what so many other long-distance runners do, when they tackle distances too short for them. They thought the pace would tell on him But he swung into his third lap with the same vigour that had been noticed in his first two The breather that everybody had to take was conspicuous by its absence Clockers found that his lap times varied hardly at all He finally went through the tape the leader of a distant pack of weary runners, in time that shattered the previous record by three seconds. Within two hours, he was to toy with the 5 000 metres field

Four years later, France, with only one track and field Olympic victory in the history of the Games, had everything sewn up Jules Ladoumegue, unquestionably the finest miler, or three-quarter miler in the world, was reckoned as a certainty, not only by his own countrymen, but by the world at large

Nurmi wasn't starting in the short race this time. But another Finn from

the same town, Abo, was a runner. This was a 22 years old watchmaker, Harry Larva. A protege of Nurmi's, he had been taught plenty of tricks by the Master.

Ladoumegue never looked in danger of defeat. That is for the first fourteen hundred metres. The classically styled Frenchman led by ten yards, and nothing was making much impression on him. Then Larva pounced. He didn't shorten or lengthen his stride. He just stepped up the number of strides that he was taking, as a boat crew does when the cox calls for a fast dozen.

He caught the Frenchman right on the tape, and beat him.

Jack Lovelock, the N.Z. Rhodes Scholar developed into a master tactician over a four lap course. Others could, and did, run better times in events without him. But except for four defeats by Stanley Wooderson in 1936, he was invincible. And there is no question that the Wooderson defeats were at a fairly early stage of his Olympic preparation.

The field for the Berlin Final, as usual, bristled with famous names. There was Cunningham, Gene Venske, and San Romani, of U.S.A., Beccali, whose times said he was a better runner than he had been at Los Angeles, Miklos Szabo of Hungary, Phil Edwards, still a great distance runner, Cornes, runner up in 1932 and Erik Ny of Sweden.

Over the final stages, Cunningham glided still further ahead, and ran an unbelievable 3 minutes 47.8. He had not only smashed the record himself but carried the field along so fast that the four next men behind him all broke the existing Olympic record.

After a break of thirteen years, the Olympic Games broke out again in London, in 1948. Aided perhaps by years of neutrality, Sweden had developed a trio of magnificent 1500 metre men. They were Lennart Strand, Goesta Bergkvist, and Henri Eriksson.

The heats concluded with Lennart Strand apparently a world's certainty. Never "off the bit," he had loafed his way around to record 3.54.2 seconds. It was the slowest heat of the Swedish trio, but whereas they had been pushed out, he had run virtually unpaced.

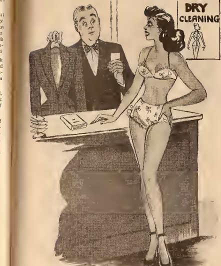
Strand was a wisp of a man, built on the lines of Jack Lovelock, and most of the other great middle-distance men. This probably cost him the race.

Between heats and final, it rained, and rained hard. The cinder track became a bog. It became a test of strength as well as speed.

When the gun cracked, Hensenne, of France, took the lead, and Strand settled himself down behind him, obviously going well within himself, and ready to take over at the vital stage. This went on for 1000 metres. But then, it was not Strand, but his compatriot, Eriksson, a 28 year old fairly heavily built fireman, who made the move. He surged past both, and set up a fair lead. Strand let him stay there, until the straight was reached.

Then he hauled out his effort. He gained steadily on Eriksson, until, with yards to go, he caught him. Catching him was one thing, passing him another. The men were locked together for a few strides and then the smaller man cracked. Eriksson went on to win in 3.49.8, a great run on a heavy track.

That's the 1500 story to date. The winner of the event this year at Helsinki is possibly as well concealed as have been most of the winners of the past. Only one thing is certain, he'll have to be good.



"I thought to-day would never come."

THEY COPPED A COW

There was a resounding bang and then . . . panic, at Kota Bahru, the Malayan campaign had claimed its first of far too many casualties.



C. EDWARDS

SUNDAY, December 7th, 1941, was a still, hot day in Malaya Over all life that day brooded an irritating disquiet that was intangible, yet heavy-charged with foreboding.

A Singapore newspaper had that morning announced in banner headlines that a Japanese attack against Malaya was imminent

The newspaper story had been based on a R.A.A.F pilot sighting a Japanese fleet a few hours steaming from Malaya

Even when the report was confirmed, no action was taken by the authorities They believed that the fleet, warships and transports, would mount an invasion of Siam They also believed that in the remote possibility of Japan invading Malaya, the Nips would be rapidly beaten off by the Malayan defence forces.

There was no belief that these preparations would be put to the test Blackout had not been ordered; the gay night life of Singapore was not interrupted or ruffled.

It was the same throughout Malaya on this still, hot, moonlit night.

At only one place was there a note of disharmony—at Kota Bahru on the Kelantan coast.

The majority of the town's population was at the picture theatre.

Suddenly, an explosion—from the direction of the beach it sounded—crashed, drowning the tinny soundtrack of the film A voice yelped through the semi-darkness

"The Japanese have landed Down with the British."

The picture theatre panicked The audience rushed to the exits, several were trampled underfoot

The panic eased only when the lights were turned on, and a British officer said: "Keep calm, the explosion was at the iceworks The Japanese have not landed."

But the explosion was not at the iceworks It was lone cow—unsuspiciously straying to graze—that had stepped on a landmine on the beach.

That cow was the first—if premature casualty in the war in Malaya

The man who called out "The Japanese have landed" was a fifth columnist

Koha Bahru was a hot-bed of fifth columnists And it was on the Kota Bahru beach that the Japanese made their first landings just after dawn on Monday, December 8th, 1941

What was the extent of Japanese espionage in Malaya and Singapore in the years before the Pacific war That is hard to estimate; but it must have been considerable

Here is one story of Japanese espionage, the truth of which is attested on the records:

Amongst the passengers who disembarked at Singapore from a Japanese liner on November 29, 1934, were two modestly dressed, quietly spoken young Japanese.

We will call one of them Saito Oshida, although that was not the name on the passport, a covering declaration to which described him as an employee of one of the trading interests of Koichiro Ishihara, who pioneered iron-mining in Malaya

The passport of the second man said that he was Ken Otika, an author

They were met at the wharfside by Yoshio Nichimuri, Singapore manager and a director of the Ishihara Sangyo Koshi. He vouched for Oshida This was accepted without question Nishimuri was a well respected member of the Japanese community in Singapore and, amongst other things, President of the Japanese Society.

The passports were stamped after the merest formalities, and Nichimuri drove the young men away in his private car. He took them to the Tokiwa garden, a geisha house on the Singapore coast The young men retired early to their beds.

Oshida spent most of the next day at the offices of the Ishihara company Otika saw the sights of the city, called at the Japanese Consulate-General looked in at the Japanese Commercial museum, and met several other high-ranking Japanese

Oshida was so busy that he could spare time only for a brief call at the Consulate-General He was Nichimuri's guest at lunch at the Japanese Club. The only other guest was Hiromichi Kokuba, a prominent member of the Singapore Japanese community

This man had no apparent regular occupation, but he was reputedly a successful industrial speculator He was a generous patron of the South Seas Association which sponsored many Japanese - Malayan friendship entertainments

The two young men returned to the geisha house early that evening In the next few days they hardly left this pleasant resort. But they had many visitors.

Among the Europeans were humble-ranked servicemen, who were stationed at defence points of growing importance on Singapore island

Attaches of the Japanese Consulate-General were always at these parties

The recently formed Special Branch of the Singapore police would have accepted the parties as a normal part of Japanese life—but for two slight incidents.

The first was the presence of a young R.A.F. non-com. at gay parties on two successive nights. The second was that two gunners were brought to the geisha house and returned to their barracks afterwards in a private car.

Kokuba had been under quiet surveillance for some months.

The Special Branch decided to look a little more closely into these geisha house parties.

Their inquiries uncovered a sensational network of espionage and attempted bribery in which the two young Japanese were closely woven

The young R.A.F. man admitted that he had been offered a substantial sum of money if he could produce a copy of the Air signal code. The gunners said Okuba had been trying to get information from them, and that Oshida had offered cash for any information they could pass on.

Police officers visited the geisha house at night on December 4 and talked with the two young Japanese

The man we have named Oshida was nervous. Under questioning he confessed that he was a Lieutenant-Commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He also confessed that he was engaged on a special espionage mission, that the cover for his work was the Ishihara Sangyo Koshi (by whom he had never been employed); that his companion was a spy; and that Yoshio Nichimuri was fully instructed about them and had advanced funds for their work

The man we have named Otika was more hard-boiled. He would admit nothing, even when papers amongst his belongings showed that he was a member of a strong-arm branch of the Black Dragon Society.

The two men were locked up for the night. Next day they were placed on board a Japanese liner leaving that evening for Japan.

The Navy officer had pleaded that no mention be made of their detention and deportation to the Japanese Consulate-General.

But that office was fully informed of the event almost as soon as it happened. So were a number of Japanese suspected of espionage activity

Three of them hurriedly booked passages in the ship that took the deportees from Singapore. Other suspects went to ground.

Amongst them was Kokuba, the social lion. He and another suspected agent were flushed from their hideouts two days later, held on warrant for some weeks, then deported.

One of the first calls the police made on the morning of December 5 was at the offices of the Ishihara Sangyo Koshi. They were looking for Yoshio Nichimuri. Nichimuri was out. A message was left for him to call at police headquarters at 2.30 o'clock that day

Surprisingly, Nichimuri kept that appointment.

As the clock at police headquarters showed 2.30 he stepped from his car, walked briskly into the Special Branch office, bowed elaborately and with great formality to the officer who met him, then, with a strangled moan, fell in a crumpled heap at his feet

Yoshio Nichimuri died a few minutes later without uttering a word

A post mortem showed that cause of death was strychnine poisoning: the inquest verdict. Self-administered

But—whatever you care to call it—it was "hara-kiri"—unorthodox, perhaps, but still the old Nip custom of "Hara-kiri."

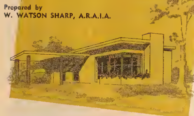


"Maybe your wife doesn't understand you, but I do!"

DESIGNED FOR A STEEP DECLINE

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 87)

Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



Again featuring the trend for out-door living, CAVALCADE suggests a home plan in which the terrace is an important feature. This occupies a fairly large area and serves also as the main approach to the entrance door and to the car port.

The large combined living and dining room has double doors opening on to the terrace from the living room end, and large full length windows to capture the view from the dining end.

A feature is made of the open fireplace with a book cabinet built in on one side. The two bedrooms each have ample built-in wardrobes, and from one of these there is a chute direct to the laundry.

As the land falls away steeply at the rear of the building, the laundry is accommodated at a lower level underneath the main bedroom.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet and the overall area excluding car port 1200 square feet.

GAY DOYLE

A warning to all professional bachelors and also to some husbands who may be in grave danger of being overwhelmed.

BE WARY OF WENCHES

AH, the Ladies! What would we do without them? . . . And, please, let there be no panic. There is absolutely no need to answer.

Women, they're everywhere . . . especially as at writing. Which makes this no moment for vulgar jest. The situation is distinctly serious. Something must be done . . . BUT fast . . . before the Masterful Male finds himself reduced to the status of drone in a feminine bee-hive (a post which would have considerable entertainment-value, but which for most men —might in the long run be disastrously enervating).

Even now, the writing is on the wall (as well as everywhere else).

Periodicals of every shape, size and colour . . . even the chaste columns of a hitherto-prudish Press . . . are littered with bigger and better seductions by which moppets may more efficiently trap a mate.

Result: Man—who could once pick and choose with fastidious leisure—is in grave danger of being mobbed.

It's later than he thinks and man had better prepare to defend himself.

So . . . with this laudable end in view . . . we offer a few hints on Counters which may be used to foil the more menacing of minxish manoeuvres.

A careful study of the literature of Sex-Appeal (as set out by Acknowledged Adepts) has made the strategy of the impassioned poppets of the planet only too painfully evident to us. Whittled down, their plan of attack is based on SIX STANDARD WILES.

Wile One: "The first secret of Sex-Appeal is an implied sensuality."

This meant the tactic by which the Female Fascinator (hereafter referred to as the FF) gets her man, not by disrobing as soon as she has been introduced . . .!!! She achieves this (we quote) by sitting and thinking "I know he feels a strong attraction for me; I can read it in his face, and he knows I am aware of his feeling." Whereupon the Male Victim (hereafter referred to as the M.V.) becomes maddened by thought-transference, braces his biceps, protrudes his chest; registers incipient apoplexy, and emits Neanderthal noises (commonly termed "The Caveman Reflex"). This wile — though not necessarily lethal — is nevertheless dangerous. If it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lead to something much more serious. The MV must therefore restrain his animal instincts and resort to the first . .

Counter: The MV should also sit silent, thinking, "Her slip's showing." After a second or two, he should go on to remark nonchalantly "A penny for your thoughts!" thus causing what is called **"A Quandary."** As it would be highly embarrassing for the FF to confess what she really is thinking at the moment, she must either riposte instantaneously with a good, swift lie or suffer a spasm of nervous stutters. In the latter case, the MV scores full points and keeps his copy clean. Women, however, are notorious for their ability to produce a heart-warmingly convincing lie on the spur of any moment and so the MV must be on his guard against . . .

Wile Two: "The second secret of Sex-Appeal is to speak with your eyes."

The reason for this is that the FF's eyes "are the windows by which most men are able to see her implied sensuality . . and so become infatuated." The text-books add that the MV becomes infatuated fastest if the FF's eyes are capable of "registering infinite shades and nuances of meaning." (N.B.: The procedure prescribed for cultivating these "shades and nuances" is for the FF "to stand in front of a mirror and, covering her face except her eyes with cardboard, to watch the expression in her eyes as she registers love, desire, hate, grief, fear, joy, flirtation . . . and desperation.)

It is this last emotion which the MV should aim at arousing by employing the second . . .

Counter: Or, rather, one of two Counters—A and B. **Counter A** is in some circles frowned upon as being on the brutal side. It consists of the MV staring aghast at the FF, leaping hysterically from his seat; and shouting in an appalled voice: "Good God, girl! You must see a doctor! You've got St Vitus Dance!" This treatment rarely fails except with the most insensitive of eye-orators, but M.V's with finer feelings generally incline more towards **Counter B.** Here the MV permits the FF to eye herself into full flutter before he whispers anxiously "Good heavens, how that soot in your eye must be hurting you!" the while extending a handkerchief (preferably heavily soiled) and inviting: "Here, wipe it out with this!" If the FF recoils in gagging revulsion, the MV again scores full points and adds ten for **"A Snifter."** On the other hand, if the FF accepts the handkerchief and, maybe, even chokes a word of thanks, the MV must wait . . .

Wile Three: "The third secret of Sex-Appeal is the use of your voice."

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

. . . Or his wife, either? Not the U.S. Army, anyway? Recently a she-robin demonstrated her femininity by throwing Camp Attersbury, Indiana (U.S.), into a huddle. Striking tents, two top sergeants discovered her nesting atop a tent-pole. There were four blue eggs in the nest.

Sought was a Colonel Stacy's decision: "Any day now the stork will deliver four young robins; the tent must stand."

Experts are unanimous that an "electric, compelling voice" is "utterly irresistible" to men. The FF is instructed to listen to gramophone records of Charles Boyer, Clarke Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Donald Duck, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion et al et al., select the more "electrically compelling of their tones, and model her speech on them. Required Result: Love at first sound . . . unless, of course, the MV avails himself of the next authorised . . .

Counter: This is simplicity itself. The MV need merely extend a packet of throat lozenges, discoursing meanwhile on colds-in-the-head and the impossibility of curing same. If the FF's voice soars to a lofty falsetto, the MV once more scores full points and adds twenty for "A Howler." However, should the FF masticate the lozenge with a reasonable imitation of enjoyment, the MV must recognise that he is about to be confronted with . . .

Wile Four: "The fourth secret of Sex-Appeal is subtle flattery." . . .

It is a basic principle of the art of Sex-Appeal that "no man can help responding to a girl who shows a genuine interest in himself and his work . . . he quickly senses it and responds eagerly." Naturally, the MV so assaulted has no recourse but to be "drawn spiritually closer" to the FF . . . except that, now and again, he may fall back on a really neat . . .

Counter. And one which demands some suaveness. Here everything depends on the MV's patience. He must wait placidly until the FF finally croons with huskily "irresistible" fervour, "I suppose you have an extra wonderf-u-u-l-l job?" "Yes," he then replies, bowing his head to hide a blush of conscious pride, "I am employed as a St. Bernard dog at the Kosciusko Skiers' Hostel." If the FF leaps like a chamois in the direction of the nearest gendarme, the MV is awarded an annual bonus for an "Everest." But if the FF responds with a bark of happy laughter (or girlishly embarks on a shaggy hound anecdote), the MV must steel himself for . . .

Wile Five: "The fifth secret of Sex-Appeal is inscrutability."

This element (specialists are unanimous) is most important in "an early dating relationship" when the MV is "feeling out" the FF. And it must be handled delicately. "Inscrutability" (as all practitioners point out) "can be achieved with a light touch." The FF needn't act like Greta Garbo or Sarah the Sphinx. "Pleasant, but restrained, with a subtle use of all her powers" . . . that's the shot to leave the MV hypnotised with the FF's "esoteric mystery." One or two doses and the MV can be expected to burst all inhibitions; become obsessed with a mania to learn "what makes the FF tick"; and—"provoked and baffled"—end "in a state of blind and even desperate love." Only the most rhinocerous-hided of MV's ever survive this test. And . . .

Counter. And indubitably a desperate measure, in which Surprise is All. For maximum effect, the MV, faced with the FF's inscrutable squint of mystery, must suddenly clutch at her throat; breathe ferociously down her neck and yell, "BOOH!" If the FF falls flat on her face, the MV is allotted his total score multiplied by seven for "**A Boomer**" and is allowed, if he wishes, to retire from the game. Vice versa, if the FF falls in the opposite direction and collapses into his bosom the MV must become alert for a Wile which has been there all the time and has only now caught up with him. It is . . .

Wile Six: "The final secret of Sex-Appeal is personal grooming."

Known as "Making the Most of Yourself," this Wile is much favoured by FF's. Chiefly, it demands that the FF's perfume should be "enticing but not overpowering"; her clothes should accentuate "her physical beauties" (Bikinis and loin-cloths are highly recommended); and she should occasionally take a bath. Thus the MV cannot fail to compare her "fine personal grooming" favourably with his pet race-horse and will be "irresistibly" impelled to take a chance . . . unless by some mischance . . . he has backed a string of wrong 'uns, which will lead him to his sixth and final . . .

Counter: And if the MV doesn't hurdle this, he's gone. According to protocol, the technique is: The MV shall extend the forefinger of his right hand, run it daintily round the neckline of the FF's frock, withdraw his digit as if stung by a wasp, and bleat sympathetically: "Tush-tush! Gooseflesh! You must be cold! Let me wrap you in my coat." If the FF crowns him with her handbag he is declared "**Four Flusher,**" and departs, bowed but undefeated . . . "The Winnah!" Contrarywise, if the FF actually allows the MV to wrap her in his coat, he . . . aw . . . er . . . well, there IS a Censor, dammitall!

But perhaps we'd better arm ourselves with baseball bats . . . just in case.







● International Note When Grandma was a girl, she didn't do the things girls do to-day, but then she didn't do the things Grandmas do to-day, either ● Financial Footnotes. The thing that keeps a man financially bent is having to face his bills and foot them all at the same time. ● Which reminds us that a bank is a place where a husband makes due allowance for his wife's shortages. ● Gracious-Living Department There once was a man who always called a spade a Spade—until he tripped over one in the dark ● Thus—by some obscure process of relativity—leading us to remark that the only time some men turn the other cheek is when they've shaved the first. ● And—as our Barbering Baron hinted when he was totting up the price-ticket—dandruff reveals something really important about a man: he still has hair ● Family Features Every wife's hope—to be weighed and found wanting ● In which regard, we must confess that we never had a chance to argue with our wife . . . words fail us. ● Then, of course, there was the hoppet who had a tiff with her Army officer friend . . . obviously a rift with the Lieut. ● Our Tame Film Fan opines that there should be a University degree awarded for acting . . . Bachelor of Parts, no doubt? ● And, while we're on the subject, there seems no harm in pointing out that Ideas are things that come to a student when he's out with a wench, and leave him when in with an exam paper. ● Still, worse things happen: Our Cubicle Colleague complains that our habit of talking to ourself wouldn't be so bad . . . if we weren't such a damned bore ● Ye Old Time Recorde Shoppe: The bloke in the next flat is moaning that he's got a new complaint: he's suffering from a displaced disc; his wife threw a gramophone record at him ● Doctor-Who-Tells Tattle: Burning the candle at both ends is one sure way of going out like a light ●

OUR PRIVATE QUIZ: Question: A goat had a 2 ft. rope tied to its neck: there was a heap of garbage 30 ft. away; the goat wanted the garbage and got it. How did he do it?

ANSWER. The other end of the goat's rope wasn't tied to anything, so the goat just strolled over and ate

KATH KING

BATTLE OF WITS

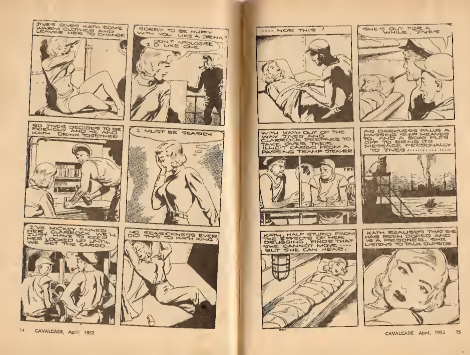
BY PHIL BELBIN AND SYDNEY OCKENDEN







AS THE WIND FRESHENS AND THE LAUNCH IS STUBBORN, KATH LOSES SIGHT OF LAND, AND KNOWS SHE IS DRIFTING INTO TROUBLE.......
DRAWING A COAT ROUND HER SHOULDERS FOR WARMTH SHE WATCHES THE SMOKE OF A SMALL VESSEL COME NEARER.
UNTIL SHE FIGURES THAT THE COAT ON THE END OF A BOATHOOK WILL MAKE A FLAG TO ATTRACT ATTENTION...
KATH'S MIND RELAXES. AS A BOAT COMES OFF FROM THE TRAWLER TO PICK HER UP
THE MEN IN THE ROWING BOAT THROW HER A LINE, AND.........
.. THE HARD WORK OF TOWING THE LAUNCH WITH A ROW-BOAT BEGINS........
AS KATH KING CLIMBS TO SAFETY THE STORM BREAKS ACROSS THE SEA THIS RESCUE WAS ONLY JUST IN TIME
KATH MEETS HER RESCUER TRAWLER SKIPPER JIVES .
THANK YOU
WE COULDN'T LET YOU DROWN
KATH SENSES NO CORDIALITY N THE SKIPPER'S ATTITUDE
YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO BE IN THAT SEA IN A LAUNCH
WE CAN'T PUT YOU ASHORE
WHEREVER YOU MAKE PORT I CAN PHONE FOR HELP
WHO WILL YOU PHONE?
THE DAILY GAZETTE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHER, TODD
JIVES SPEAKS TO CLARROCK, HIS MATE .
WE CAN'T RISK PICKING UP OUR CARGO WITH THE GIRL ABOARD
SHE 'S FROM A NEWSPAPER, EH?


JIVES GIVES KATH SOME WARM CLOTHES AND LEAVES HER TO CHANGE
SORRY TO BE HUFFY WITH YOU. LIKE A DRINK?
DON'T APOLOGISE. I'D LIKE ONE
SO JIVES DECIDES TO BE FRIENDLY AND HE AND KATH DRINK TOGETHER
I MUST BE SEASICK
I'VE MICKEY FINNED HER, CLARROCK. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP HER LOCKED UP UNTIL WE GET THE CARGO.
NO SEASICKNESS EVER DID THIS TO KATH KING!
---- NOW THIS!
SHE'S OUT FOR A WHILE, JIVES
WITH KATH OUT OF THE WAY JIVES AND CLARROCK PREPARE TO TAKE OVER THEIR ILLICIT CARGO FROM A PASSING TRAMP STEAMER
AS DARKNESS FALLS A PASSING SHIP HEAVES TO, AND A BOAT PUTS OFF TO BRING ITS MESSAGE PERSONALLY TO JIVES ....
KATH, HALF STUPID FROM THE EFFECTS OF HER DRUGGING, FINDS THAT SHE CANNOT MOVE ---- BUT SHE CAN HEAR.
KATH REALISES THAT SHE HAS BEEN DOPED AND IS A PRISONER. SHE LISTENS TO TALK OUTSIDE


THE MYSTERY MISSION COMPLETED, JIVES TURNS TO CLARROCK .....
NOW . IF THE GIRL'S STILL OUT TO IT, ALL'S WELL
JIVES GIVES THE ILLICIT PARCELS TO CLARROCK FOR HIDING AND GOES TO SEE KATH ......
FEEL BETTER ?
OH, MY HEAD ! . AND I CAN'T GET UP
JIVES EXPLAINS THAT SHE WAS WRAPPED UP FOR HER OWN PROTECTION "IT'S SAFE IF YOU GET DELIRIOUS," HE SAYS HE OFFERS HER COFFEE
ARE YOU GOING TO SYDNEY ?
YES, WE'LL PUT YOU ASHORE THERE
CAN YOU PUT ME ASHORE ANYWHERE ELSE ?
KATH SHOWS ALARM AT BEING TAKEN TO SYDNEY ASKS TO BE PUT ASHORE ON THE COAST, RELUCTANTLY EXPLAINS
I'M WANTED .... BY THE POLICE
YOU MENTIONED A NEWSPAPER
BLUFF JUST TO GET ASHORE WITHOUT TELLING THE TRUTH
NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE TWO OF A KIND, BABY
LET'S GO ASHORE SOMEWHERE ?
JIVES TAKES KATH ASHORE SHE WANTS TO BUY CLOTHES, AND PROMISES JIVES A NIGHT OUT
A FROCK SHOP IS NO PLACE FOR JIVES KATH, ALONE, ASKS TO TRY ON CLOTHES AND FOR USE OF THE TELEPHONE ......
HERE KATH CAN TELL THE POLICE WHAT SHE HEARD FROM HER BUNK ABOUT THE TRAWLER PICKING UP PARCELS OF ILLICIT GEMS AT SEA
AS KATH STALLS FOR TIME SHE PROVES A VERY DIFFICULT CUSTOMER BUT SHE WANTS TO GIVE THE POLICE TIME TO BOARD THE TRAWLER . . . .


KATH, SMARTLY ATTIRED AT LAST, SEES A COMMOTION AT THE END OF THE MAIN STREET, WHERE THE JETTY IS
AS ONE OF THE CURIOUS SPECTATORS KATH WATCHES THE POLICE STRUGGLE WITH AND OVERPOWER JIVES AND HIS ASSOCIATES, AND REALISES HER MESSAGE HAS BEEN EFFECTIVE ....
KATH SEES THE POLICE BOAT NEARING THE TRAWLER. THE GEM SMUGGLERS ARE CAUGHT
HASTILY SUMMONED TO PHOTOGRAPH THE GEM SMUGGLERS TRUCK TODD ARRIVES BY CAR AND IS SURPRISED TO FIND KATH ON THE SPOT !
POLIC
JIVES SAYS HE'D LIKE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH KATH. "THE GIRL OUT-WITTED ME," HE SAYS, "AND I RESPECT HER FOR IT." KATH IS GLAD TO FIND A GOOD LOSER ....
TRUCK DRIVES KATH BACK TOWARDS KISMET COVE...
THIS IS NO WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY
IT BROKE UP THE MONOTONY OF THE POSITION.... BUT PLEASE TAKE ME BACK
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Had anybody ever reported the case of a carpet snake swallowing a duck? Old-timers fubbed off the story.

dora and a duck

I can't say that my sister was entirely to blame; there were several other complicating factors But she did suggest the 'Picnic' and she selected the spot for it. Of course, it had to be near Dora's camping place.

My sister should have had more sense We had all heard of Dora ...

Dora was — so she reckoned — the last of her tribe; and the Old Timers of the district were inclined to agree with her At least, they claimed that, to their knowledge, she had outworn about half-a-dozen husbands and no community on earth could survive a death-rate of that sort

But whatever were the rights and wrongs of the case, the fact remained that Dora now lived in lonely widowhood and a bark humpy down near the beach ... or, rather, she lived in comparatively lonely widowhood Dora was a gregarious character and she was also an animal lover. Deprived of the companionship of her kin, she had collected around her an exotic congregation of fowls and ducks, as well as a floating population of mangy cats and even more flea-bitten and mangy curs

Dora cherished all these soul-mates of hers dearly, but her tenderest affections seemed to be lavished on the fowls and ducks She was a large woman ... blacker, if anything, than the Ace of Spades and much more shiny ... and she took her pets (literally) to her ample bosom

Those few hardy explorers who had penetrated into the malignant gloom of her humpy reported that it was furnished mainly by a small brick fire-place, an out-size in iron-framed double-beds and two stupendous lithographs ... one depicting the Thin Red Line standing, battered and unbent, at Balaclava, and the other illustrating the Coronation of Queen Victoria (with whom Dora nonchalantly admitted a close blood-relationship)

The double-bed (the explorers added with ghoulish relish) was impartially shared by Dora, any fowls or ducks which might be brooding and, on oc-

The drake hissed some more with extra venom; my sister and I jibbed aghast.





casion, perhaps two or three female cats or dogs who had been unwary enough to put themselves in the position of "expecting shortly"

Dora's white neighbours received the explorers' accounts with pleasant shudders of revulsion and her bizarre choice of bed-mates was widely discussed "Just what you'd axpect," my mother and her cronies were almost unanimous in assuring each other with unconscious libel, but the Old Timers, with a sturdy pioneer realism, were disposed to offer a more rational explanation. To their minds, Dora's whimsies were not so gruesome as they appeared at first sight, they had a basis of good, sound common-sense. "Wasn't the whole district infested with carpet-snakes?" the Old Timers argued. "Didn't every settler within miles lie himself dumb about the size of the serpents he had slaughtered and disembowelled, to extricate how many scores of engorged chicks?" QED · The reason for Dora's antics was unmistakable. She was merely doing the sensible thing and making quite certain that no carpet-snake could purloin her pets behind her back

So, that morning—as my sister and I were setting off, burdened by the billycan, the slabs of corn beef and bread, the box of matches and the twist of tea which comprised the usual equipment of our "picnics" . . my mother issued two urgent warnings

"Look out for snakes!" was the first "And see you keep well away from Dora!" was the second

Naturally, my sister immediately directed our steps through excellent snake country straight towards Dora's hide-out.

We did not, however, arrive unannounced Our approach was heralded by an energetic yelping, whining, quacking, clucking and crowing and, as we entered the clearing, a bodyguard of gaunt-ribbed bitzers formed up to escort us past a platoon or so of fowls and ducks in the direction of Dora's humpy

We had almost reached it when Dora herself emerged to greet us She was accompanied by a huge white drake which waddled to a strategic position on her rear and hissed venomously at us

My sister and I jibbed to a nervous halt. The drake hissed some more and rubbed its reptilian neck against the folds of what Dora had evidently deluded herself into believing was a skirt

Today, I realise that the pair of them must have given a vivid (if somewhat expurgated) impression of Leda's activities with the amorous Swan; but I was then too young for such thoughts. I was also too busy trying to insert my sister inconspicuously between myself and the drake As my sister had apparently been inspired by the same ambition, we collided heavily and the billycan fell to the ground with a hysterical clang.

The drake seemed to take the noise as a personal insult. It hissed louder than ever and even waddled a foot or two towards us My sister and I shrank. Dora surveyed us with an air of thoughtful surmise

"You gibbit baccy?" she asked at last . . . without any pronounced hope; but more as if she didn't want to miss an opportunity of keeping herself in practice for better prospects

"Ain't got none?" I regretted.

"Gibbit tickspence then," urged Dora, refusing to accept defeat The drake underlined her request with a murderous thrust of its beak

It is doubtful whether my sister was more appalled by the drake or by an arrant attempt at cajoling us into spending such lavish amounts of currency on mere charity.

"Do no such thing!" she protested Dora favoured her with a grimace

of aloof distaste. "Tell-'er!" she advised bitterly, "Plurry no-good piccaninny, you feller, you!"

"Hiss!" endorsed the drake.

"Cummon! Gerrouter this!" I instructed my sister vigorously and departed for the scrub under full steam As my sister was unprepared for my take-off, she was at a slight disadvantage, but she beat me to the other edge of the clearing by several strands of hair.

Pausing in mid-career, I turned to re-establish my prestige "Gawn, who goes to sleep with chooks on her chest?" I was about to bellow in offensive innuendo when I suddenly noticed that I might as well save what breath I had left from the stampede Dora had vanished . . presumably to sulk in the congenial malodours of her humpy Only the drake was visibly active It was waddling with vindictive persistence on our tracks It hissed gently to itself and its neck swayed lithesomely to and fro like a snake getting ready to strike. From its general demeanour, I gathered that—no doubt by some strange intuition—it had guessed my unspoken insinuations and was resenting them deeply So, it seemed, was my sister.

"Shurrup, you!" she snarled, totally unimpressed by my burst of bravado and frenzied into unladylike profanity. "D'yer want damn drakes to be the death of us?" In a spurt of dried leaves, she faded further into the bush Disillusioned, I followed her

We slackened pace on the bank of the creek (which served Dora, her ducks, her fowls, her assorted canines and felines and any stray cattle grazing in the vicinity as a combined water-supply and sewerage-system) and gazed warily about us We listened The bush seemed unnaturally silent I put out my arm to bend aside a tree branch. There was a hollow clang My sister and I bounded like startled brumbies and I was stupified to observe the billycan swinging from my fist. (To this moment, I have no accurate idea of how it came there) "Fool!" observed my sister succinctly We listened once more Except for the wind in the leaves and the moronic lowing of a distant cow, there was no sound Not even a quack.

Rendered reckless by triumph, I mentally consigned all Forestry Officers to several vulgar fates (mutedly regretting that lack of masculine company disabled me from making my imaginings vocal) and kindled a fire on the verge of a cheeringly tinderish clump of undergrowth. Then, filling the billycan from the creek, I set it on the fire to boil

Flanked by a wavering veil of river-weeds and blady-grass, my sister squatted on a small, rounded log which somebody cutting house-blocks had either forgotten or abandoned and, rocking seesaw-wise, engaged herself in unwrapping the slabs of corn beef

Having provided myself with the twist of tea and a leafy twig in the best professional manner, I crouched opposite my sister and transfixed the billycan with a hypnotic glare, for fear it should outgeneral me by boiling before its time.

The flames flickered industriously, a darkening smear of soot spread up the side of the billycan, now and again a coal popped with a brittle crackle, an over-eager bubble or two broke the surface of the water, the lowing of the distant cow dwindled to a despondent moo; the wind paced gently along the tree-tops. My sister seesawed languidly on her log and champed at a slab of corned beef.

For an instant, I transferred my gaze from the billy can to her . . . partly to rebuke juvenile gluttony;

but mostly to be sure that I was being allotted a fair share of the common store

A sharp breeze seemed to ripple the reeds, the bladey-grass bent and parted, something slim and sinuous swayed erect, there was a sibilant "H-i-s-s!" My mother's first warning almost electrocuted me

"Look out! Look out! A snake!" I shrilled crescendo.

It was my mistake Either there was something wrong with my sister's reflexes or the laws of gravity are not to be under-rated Or perhaps my manner was a trifle abrupt At all events, my sister had been a trifle abrupt. At all events, my sister had been see-sawing leisurely backwards, she proved herself incapable of shooting into reverse as swiftly as I could have wished Instead, she hung, poised a second, in palsied alarm, then her log rolled under her and she toppled with a banshee shriek into the bladey-grass behind A still more sibilant "h-i-s-s-s" ended in a guttural croak and my sister's voice swelled an octave

"Help! Help! It's got me!" she squealed

"What's got you?"

"It, I tell you! It!" my sister sobbed passionately and threshed more energetically than ever

Another suffocated croak mingled dimly with her shrieks and my sister speared, Jack-in-the-Box-wise, to her feet

"What ...? Where ..? What . .?" she wailed, chasing herself in a rapidly tightening circle and massaging anguishedly at her buttocks.

I could feel my eyebrows touch my scalp. "My Gawd, now you've done it!" I moaned, shocked into undisguised blasphemy to recognise, where my sister had sprawled, Dora's drake outstretched and apparently lifeless, in the bladey-grass "You've squashed her duck to death"

"Ay? Wazzat?" inquired my sister, applying a brake to herself and growing perceptibly less mobile

She ceased chasing herself and, bending over the prostrate drake, submitted it to a close clinical observation

"Why, so it is!" she pronounced in a tone of righteous indignation "Well, it just serves it right then!"

"What if Dora finds out?"

This was an aspect of the situation which my sister did not seem to have examined

"Perhaps it isn't all dead," my sister suggested without undue optimism "Perhaps it's just fainted!"

"Wot, after you've been using it for a football for ten minutes," I countered sarcastically

Against all the probabilities of medical science, the drake quivered faintly before it again became comatose

"See! See! Whattid I tell you?" my sister squeaked rapturously "It's alive Do something . . quick!"

I had always prided myself on being able to rise to an occasion So far as my experience went, there was only one thing to be done under the circumstances I did it I had been told that, when people fainted, you threw water onto them the sooner the better and preferably in large quantities Snatching the billycan from the fire, I decanted its contents over the drake.

The drake awakened with a piercing squawk, seemed to become suddenly obsessed with the delusion that it was a Super-Fortress; waggled its wings, propelled itself for a take-off crash-landed flat on its spine; and reclined there, venting its horrified feelings in a further series of echoing squawks

"See, I told you it was alive" my sister carolled blissfully

It had dawned on me that its uproar must eventually attract Dora; and I feared the worst

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Plimsoll devoted his life's work to the seamen's cause And after being elected to Parliament he worked to have a Bill passed through protecting seamen from having to go to sea in "coffin" ships When Disraeli announced his Bill would be dropped (Plimsoll was elected as a Liberal) mild, bland Samuel lost his temper

He created a scene which was then unprecedented in the staid British Parliament of the late nineteenth century Calling all members of the House of Commons "villains," he trembled with rage as he shook his fist at the Speaker

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My fears were amply justified. Appeals to the better nature of the drake were only so much argument wasted; it merely re-doubled its clamour

"Tread on its head!" my sister prescribed helpfully

Her advice, though well-intentioned, was too late Something, which (to me) bore a close resemblance to an express train, surged through the scrub It was Dora moving under full pressure.

The drake tottered feebly to its legs and expressed its joy at imminent rescue by a screech so eldrich that it frightened even itself, and swooned once more.

But Dora had spied her treasure "Baal! Baal! Baal!" she puffed ahead in an ever-increasing tempo "Ho, plurry no-good feller piccaninny, you Steal 'em duck! Best duck belonga me! Me fixem you, too right! You see!"

She put on a fresh turn of speed and thundered relentlessly at us

'Getta move on!' I snarled at my sister, having no desire to be overrun My sister, however, had anticipated me. She was already across the creek and moving at no mean pace towards the sandhills I sped in pursuit. Behind me, an elephantine thumping indicated that Dora was ploughing into our "picnic" site Her lamentations soared heart-rendingly and I judged that she must have met the drake. "Ho! Plurry damn piccaninny! Poor plurry duck!" she was booming like a bull-roarer. "No gibbit baccy! No gibbit tickspence! Then steal 'em duck! By cri, me fixem you!"

She sounded as if she meant it, too I remembered my mother's second warning I lengthened my stride "Lemme go! Lemme go! I never did nothing!" howled my sister under the insane notion that I was Dora on her heels Like a miniature willy-willy,

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we swirled into the dunes.

My sister spurted into a narrow gully and promptly shot out again as if she was a guided missile backfiring. She exploded square in my face.

Disembedding myself from the sand, I bucked ferociously in an effort to shift my sister from my shoulder-blades. I confirmed my sister's darkest suspicions. "Murder! Murder! Murder!" she pealed in an ecstacy of despair. I took her word for it and rapidly commenced to re-embed myself in the sand.

"No! No! Not murder!" someone disclaimed huskily. "Just looking for Douglas, that's all."

As I did not seem so far to have suffered any lethal wound, I was partially reassured.

I rubbed one eye clear of grit and squinted suspiciously upward. Looming above us I glimpsed what, at first glance, appeared to be an escapee from the ranks of Living Skeletons. A second squint convinced me that it was Old Tom Jones.

My heart banged one sledge-hammer thud of relief and I relaxed. In a way, Old Tom's reputation was not a great improvement on Dora's. He, too, lived in a hut near the beach; he, too, was a poultry farmer; and—an extra glory—it was commonly rumoured that once, when he was compulsorarily hospitalised, they had had to wash off five singlets before they unearthed his skin. But as he had not been on speaking terms with Dora for the past ten years, I felt I could count on him as an ally.

"Murder be damned! Wot-the-'ell's the meaning of this?" he growled, yanking my sister out of her burrow.

"It's Dora . . . she's after us . . . with a waddy," I explained. (I have never believed in spoiling a good story for want of a few details.)

"Yeah! And she's going to cut our throats, she is!" my sister endorsed blood-thirstily.

Old Tom sniffed the air like a war-horse preparing for the fray.

"Ho! Is she then?" he said, entranced to have an excellent excuse for joining issue with an enemy of such long standing. "Lead me to her!"

"All right, you go first," consented my sister politely.

Skirmishing warily on his flanks, we advanced with Old Tom to the creek and our late "picnic" spot. The locality seemed deserted. There was not a sign of Dora . . . and even less of the drake. But the makings of a very satisfactory bush-fire were flaring where we had lighted our fire.

"Ho! Trying to burn out the district, too, is she?" grunted Old Tom, energetically stamping on the flames. Neither my sister nor myself could see that any good purpose would be served by contradicting him.

"I'll have her hide for this," muttered Old Tom menacingly and strode austerely off somewhere in the direction of Dora's humpy.

Nearing Dora's humpy, Old Tom faltered uncertainly, ruminatively chewing at his cud of tobacco as he hearkened with dour disapproval to the usual cackling, baying, mewing and quacking of Dora's playmates. (With some reason, they seemed to be able to scent him further than they could us.) Then he spat determinedly and marched into the clearing.

"Ho! Hiding in the humpy, hey?" Old Tom asked himself rhetorically and answered himself by barging through the doorway. Fist clenched to clammy fist, my sister and I pressed in, too.

At first, we stood semi-blinded in the miasmic twilight. Gradually, however, a flabby, shapeless figure materialised through the fetid mists with an eerie rustle.

"Ghosts!" gasped my sister and al-



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THE BEST IN SPORT



ADAM

The magazine for men

most jerked herself from my grasp. But I was above superstitious quavers when confronted by the allegedly supernatural, besides, I couldn't get my fingers free. I jerked my sister back into formation.

"Ho, so it's you, hey?" grunted Old Tom As he spoke, the figure seemed to lift itself from the floor by some species of levitation and descend with wide-flung arms There was the unmistakable rip of torn cotton as if someone had stepped on a skirt. "Baal!" came a melancholy moan "Baal!"

"Why, it's only Dora!" my sister informed herself with agog astonishment.

Dora didn't bother to deny it She was glaring in a mesmerised fashion at Old Tom and beating her outstretched arms in the approved manner of witches who wish to fly up chimneys.

"No baal, about it!" asserted Old Tom bleakly, assuming a staunch materialist's disgust at would-be magical shannanikans "Wotter you been up to, hey?"

Dora opened her mouth to its widest capacity (thus transforming her face into a cavity mainly surrounded by teeth) and vainly sought for phrases vehement enough to express her sense of outrage. Finding none, she closed her facial cavity with a strangled gulp.

Instead of speech, Dora resorted to a highly complicated deaf-and-dumb alphabet of her own devising. Frantically brandishing her hands (one of which grasped a bottle of the malignant concoction that Maggie the Shanty-keeper so'd under the dubious title of "Rum" and the other of which held a battered pewter tea-spoon), she offered up a mute prayer to her tribal Gods of Eloquence.

Her gods must have been in a benevolent mood Dora was instantly supplied with a spokesman From the noxious expanses of her double-bed, the drake—as at a bugle-call—protruded its sinuous, reptilian neck. It leered alcoholically upon the four of us; yawned offensively; clacked its beak; belched, and swayed blearily away to repose once more on the pillows.

"By God!" bleated Old Tom in a rumbling snort of enraged accusation "It's Douglas . Douglas, me prize drake!"

The enormity of the crime seemed to deprive him, too, of the faculty of speech For some moments, he gibbered feverishly and clawed at his throat

"So not content with pinching him from his pen, you gotter get him drunk as well," he finally contrived to gabble in a spatter of saliva.

"And me who's been seeking him for days!" he ended, the world's injustice heavily upon him.

Dora's body tensed (so far as her folds of fat allowed) F'eetingly, she assumed the stance of an extra recruit being added to the Thin Red Line. Then calamity crushed her. She drooped, deflated, and hung her head

"Ha, yowie! Baal! Baal budgeree! By cri, too bad!" she confessed funereally, as befitted the chief mourner at her own wake, and suicidally tipped the remains of the bottle of "rum" down her gullet.

"And plurry no-good piccaninny to blame," she choked expiringly in the manner of one committing Famous Last Words to posterity.

My sister and I did not loiter to attend her death-throes As a matter of fact, it was several days before we were game to venture far enough from home to learn whether Dora had survived and Old Tom had recovered his drake Both had.

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EMIL PETAJA

Death (so they said) was the only cure for his disease . . . but death chooses its own time

trigger surgery

BLACK shadows tortured Phil Hanson, lying on that untidy bed in his cheap hotel. They crawled out of the dark corners of his mind, sniggering, mocking. **There is no other way out,** they said. **Kill yourself!**

He wasn't anybody in particular. Just a nice, pleasant young guy. Phil Hanson. Born in a small factory town, his folks died when he was a tow-headed kid. He was raised in an orphan asylum. He had no big brains, no special talents. Just an all-right guy, trying to get along in a cockeyed world. He never expected to have as much as five hundred bucks all in a lump. But it didn't matter. He had his health, so what? Maybe a little raise in his pay check now and then. Okay.

Then he met Marie. He fell hard. The miracle of it was she felt the same way. She fell for the skinny dope with the thin, freckled face and clumsy hands.

Just a couple of kids, nuts about each other. Small town stuff. When he got his first raise and bought that old jalopy, that was something.

Jeez, he would say to himself, awedly, **I'd do anything for you, kid. I'd die for you.** That's what he said. And tonight he was going to prove whether he really meant it or not.

This is how it happened. Marie hadn't ever learned to drive.

It was on a sloping road out of town. Phil had promised to teach Marie to drive. She was doing fine when something went wrong under the hood. He climbed out, lifted up the hood, and started tinkering.

Somehow Marie got excited and let out the brake. The jalopy started to roll downgrade. Phil tried to jump and yelled to Marie what she should do at the same time. He didn't make it. He fell under.

He would never forget Marie's face when he came out of it, at the hospital. It was pale as a sheet. She clung to his hand fiercely. "I'll make it up to you, Phil," she sobbed.

He grinned. He didn't want her to know what he was going through. "It'll be swell, kid. Soon as I can, I'm going to San Francisco. They got fine doctors there. They'll have me like new in no time!"

But seems he was all wrong. The best doctor he could find gave it to him straight from the shoulder. He seemed all right, except for that stabbing pain in his back when he tried to walk. His legs were okay, he could navigate on them as good as anybody. In fact, to look at him just, you would never know.

"It's your spine," the doctor said crisply.

"But it isn't bad!" Phil protested. "Just when I try to move too fast. That's all!"

The doctor shook his head. "It will get worse. It is progressive." In a year he would be flat on his back for good. Then his legs would go numb, then his arms, then his lungs. It might drag on five years.

"There's just one chance," he added. "An operation. There's only one man who'd try it. Unfortunately he's a very busy surgeon, and he comes high."

Phil licked his lips. "How high?"

"Maybe five thousand."

Five thousand dollars! Might as well be five million.

He decided to stick around San Francisco a while. Think it over. One thing was for sure. He wasn't going back and marry Marie. Make her life hell, watching him die day by day.

So now, after three tortured days and nights, the answer remained the same. **Kill yourself!**

The only thing left to decide was how. Phil had made no provision for that.

His back ached with a dull steady flame. Funny how he could move. His legs were fine. It hurt like hell when he swung them down to the floor and sat up.

The floor was strewn with butts. The room was a rat trap. It made a guy crawl just looking at it.

Phil was lighting a butt from the floor when he heard the man in the next room move around. The guy did a lot of pacing nights. Through the cardboard-thin wall Phil heard him in there. Now he heard the guy move out, rattle the key in his door lock, and creak down the front stairs.

It made him think of something. The last time Phil went to the shower—yesterday, maybe—the guy's door had been half open. He could see his legs on the bed. In the corner, on his shay dresser, was a gun. A revolver."

Phil hadn't thought much about it at the time. This was a tough district. A guy might keep a gun handy for protection. Now his thoughts focused on that revolver with a purpose. The man was out.

Phil's mind was hungry for death now.

Phil slipped out. He tried his own key in the guy's door. First it resisted, but he felt it give slightly. Putting all his strength into a single twist, he forced it to turn. The spring snapped. It was open.

Shutting the door softly behind him Phil glanced around the room. Seemed neighbour had troubles, too.

He turned to the dresser. A thrill of despair shot through him when he saw

that the revolver was nowhere on it.

He started ploughing through the drawers frantically. He found it tucked under some more dirty clothes, way in the bottom. His fingers closed around it. It had a comforting feel.

Phil's eyes went up for a last look at himself in the mirror. The man staring back at him out of it was a mess. Lath-thin from his illness, his eyes gleamed out of dark hollows. His hair was rumpled. He needed a shave. He looked like something out of a nightmare.

All at once Phil saw something else. Behind him, through the mirror, he saw the door knob turn. The door flung open and a man stepped in.

He was big and blocky. He had slicked-down hair, black hair. It came to a v-point down his forehead. His mouth was twisted and hard. Pin-point eyes blazed at Phil. They were loaded with hate.

Still clutching the gun, Phil turned to mutter some feeble explanation. The guy didn't give him time.

"You won't get me!" he snarled out. Then he lunged.

His balled fist cracked out at Phil's face.

The fury in the man's eyes terrified him. He clung to the revolver stubbornly as the man fought to take it. But Phil kept it. He slipped down to his knees. The man closed in above him.

With a groan of pain, Phil gave a convulsive wrench. The gun barrel jammed against the man. There came a sharp cracking sound. The gun pressed against his assailant with Phil's finger on the trigger.

Above him the man's face twitched oddly. His heavy lips shivered, his eyes bulged. Then he plunged down against Phil, face to the floor.

For some seconds Phil was too numb to move. He had killed.

It was the warm blood falling on Phil's hand that severed his momentary paralysis. With a shivery sob he pulled out from under the dead man and stood up.

He looked at his hands. There was blood on them.

He let the gun fall, and ran. He didn't even feel the pain sear his spine as he moved down the hall in a dash. Then he saw the landlady. She was an old mop-haired woman. She stood at the head of the stairs, clutching some towels and sheets. Evidently the guy next door hadn't gone out at all, just downstairs to ask the landlady for clean linen.

The look on her gnarled face. The way her eyes popped and her jaw slacked.

When she saw him coming, she screamed. She could see he was covered with blood. Phil pushed her aside and plunged down the steep stairwell.

After awhile he was too tired and sick to run any more. He sank down against the well stones of a murky alley and sobbed. Then he fought to get hold of himself.

When he could think halfway straight he asked himself: What now? What was left for him?

He had to hide. Yes, that was it. He had killed a man. There was no hope he'd get away with it. He wasn't a clever guy. Not very smart. He couldn't commit a foolproof crime if he tried. The landlady saw him. She'd put the cops on his trail. Right now they were after him, barking his description over radios and telephones.

But—they didn't know his name, not his real one. There was nothing in that room to give him away.

Marie must not know. She must never know what happened to him. She would find somebody else. It

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would take time, but she was young. What happened to him didn't matter, but the cops had ways of finding things out. If they caught him, they would somehow learn who he was, then Marie would become involved.

He'd pay for his crime, sure. He would die. But the cops must never take him alive.

He stole a coat in a cafeteria to cover the blood on his clothes. He washed his hands in a gutter. Always he kept to the darkest streets and narrowest alleys.

His back throbbed with a never-ceasing pain. To walk was sheer agony, but he kept on going. He had to. He flung one foot ahead of the other grimly. He must get away, get as far as possible.

When he sighted a patrol car or a cop, he hid. Mocking voices out of his mind started torturing him. The pain became a surging tide of torture that made him bite the blood out of his lips to keep from screaming aloud.

Then he saw **him**. He was like a phantom in the San Francisco fog. Tall, black-mustached, he wore a long dark overcoat and a grey hat. His feet seemed to make no noise at all on the wet pavement. He would loom up suddenly out of the shrouding fog, then he would vanish.

Finally Phil couldn't stand it any longer. If he was going nuts, he wanted to know it. When a sharp backward glance showed him that phantom figure moving behind him in the greyness he ducked in a doorway. His heart pounded in his throat as he waited. He watched the tall figure loom up, stride into the foggy light of a street lamp, then march on.

Phil looked at his feet. Rubbers. He wore rubbers. That was why his feet made no noise. But he was real. Phil's mind wasn't cracking, not yet.

Phil ducked in an alley and sloughed ahead. After awhile he noticed a change in the air, a briny tang. He was close to the ocean. He could hear it now. Soon he was walking along a dock. Ahead, covered by tarpaulins, was a pile of empty boxes near a dark warehouse. The tide was roaring in, below.

He found an empty crate and crawled in. It was bitter cold. Shivering, his mind cried for sleep. His eyes wouldn't stay open, but when he tried to sleep, the sharp needles of pain and the taunting shadows probed him awake.

Already he was good as dead. He thought suddenly, **Why not?** Here was as good a place as any. He couldn't get much further. It was the end of his rope. The whole Pacific Ocean was out there, ready to help him.

He crawled out, walked to the end of the pier. Below him, as he stared down, the black water writhed. It seemed to soothe and beckon him. The sleeted wind stung his face. No more running. No more torturing pain. No more thinking to do.

Phil sucked in a last breath of air, then jumped. He seemed to hear a vague shout somewhere, maybe just a ringing in his ears. Then the black waters shot up and closed over his head.

Blurred faces moved above him. Pain flooded across his body, then he felt something sharp jab his arm, and the pain left him.

Sleep. Merciful sleep. He wanted to sleep forever. That was all he asked.

Then he saw the angel. She looked just like Marie. Same red-gold hair. Same blue eyes. Same tremulous lips. She was laughing and crying at the same time, as Phil forced his eyes open so he could see her better.

Her lips moved down. They touched his. She kissed him over and over, whispering, "It's all over, sweetheart. Everything is going to be wonderful from now on. I'm sure of it."

He shook his head, smiling. This must be part of that crazy last minute dream a guy has just before he goes out for good. Marie's face vanished, and he was sure of it.

But then another face looked down at him. It was a grim face, but somehow kind. Sharp grey eyes. A black moustache. It was the moustache that reminded Phil of something, sent a cold sickness rising in his throat.

"W—who—" he choked.

"Inspector Gregg. Homicide."

No. This was no dream. This was life—life with a little green door at the end of it. "You—you saved me?" Phil rasped.

"Yes, son." Inspector Gregg smiled gravely. "I lost track of you for a while, then I remembered the pier I saw you jump."

"Why didn't you let me die?" Phil groaned. "What are you going to do now?"

"First of all, I'm taking you and this young lady down to the licence bureau. She's been waiting two days for you to come out of it. She's getting a little impatient."

Phil stared. "But the man next door! I shot him!"

Gregg nodded. "Self defence, of course. Lash Taggart was the most cold-hearted killer I ever saw. He would have mauled you to death, same as he did all those others, if you hadn't shot him. He was a menace to society. I want to be first to shake the hand that put him out of business."

Phil's mind whirled. So that was it. A killer, hiding in that shabby room. And he shot him. It was no crime to kill a man like that.

Swift exultation made him start up from the bed, but it ebbed away quickly when he remembered something else. His injury. The operation on his spine. How could he marry Marie with that hanging over him? He sank back, stifling a groan.

"By the way," Inspector Gregg's voice cut through his misery. "I almost forgot. There's a reward coming to the man who got Taggart. Ten thousand dollars." He chuckled, glancing over at Marie. "I imagine that will come in mighty handy just now."

Phil's shining eyes met the girl's. Her blue eyes laughed with sheer happiness. Something choked him, when he tried to thank the Inspector. All he could say was, "Yeah. Mighty handy."

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Talking Points

ANZAC . . .

Not for its dirt and horror and pain—though these can not be forgotten—but for its pride, its triumph in defeat and its making of a nation, CAVALCADE this month presents "That Far Yesterday," a first-hand account of the original landing, by E. V. Timms. An original Anzac, Timms recalls that dawn so many years ago . . . and from his experiences he draws a moral which may be studied.

MORE DEADLY . . .

Master Rudyard Kipling must take the responsibility for remarking that the females of the species is more dangerous than the male . . . but we suspect that if the Maestro had encountered the Countess Tarnowska, even he might conceivably have wilted. The Countess Tarnowska was let loose among the comparatively helpless masculinity of the last century. For further details of her girlish (if faintly ghoulish) goings-on, read Walker Henry's "Delilah Plus Several Sampsons."

LEGENDARY . . .

Why hasn't Australia some figure of fable . . like Europe's Jack the Giant Killer, with his seven-league boots, Asia's Old Man of the Mountains or America's Paul Bunyan who strode from mountain-top to mountain-top and used fir trees for a walking stick? It can't be that the citizenry lack imagination (the exotic romancing of coffee-shop loungers and all others at points north, south, east and west disprove that). Or is the country too young? Maybe . . . but in "Paul Bunyan of the Whalers," Cedric Mentiplay makes a suggestion . . . and a good one, too, for in some ways his here out-Bunyans Bunyan.

THE STICKS . . .

For a glimpse of Australia outside the cities—an Australia that has not yet vanished—and a sketch of the children who live there, read Jack Pearson's "Dora and a Drake." It is authentic glimpse of the Queensland of its time and of many parts of the Queensland of to-day.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Look forward to CAVALCADE next month. It really does contain something for everybody. For Australasiana: "Mountie of the Finke"; For High Adventure: "Galleon of Disaster" and other vignettes of general mayhem; For Sport: a Franke Browne account of the most famous of Britain's watermen. Fiction, cartoons and oddities, too, will be just your cuppa, we think.







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